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Thursday, August 24, 1967

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Letters to the Editor (*continued*)

ON EDITING DONNE

Sir,—Whoever attempts to edit Donne is in for trouble. No poet has been the subject of more "explication", and persons who have expended ingenuity on the familiar "mumpsimus" are loth to consider that the poet may have written "sumpsimus". Again, Donne wokes, as Mrs. Tillotson has said, "an emotionally possessive attitude". Lastly, no major poet since the invention of printing presents a comparable textual problem. The best textual scholars in English literature during the last fifty years have concentrated on printed texts. Their work does not help an editor of Donne.

Further, although since Grierson's edition (1912) there have been well over a thousand books, articles, and notes on Donne, virtually none helps with the text. Since "Grierson" nobody (except Mr. Wesley Milgate and myself) has attempted a full collation of the manuscript collections, plus a large number of miscellany texts. (I write "Grierson" because his collations were the work of several people.) There is no scholarly biography and no edition of the letters. There are no studies of Donne's grammar and syntax; and, apart from some notes on the *Satires* by Professor Legouis and an article on his neologisms by Professor Sullens (published too late for me to use it), there are no studies of his vocabulary. There is no Donne Glossary. Except for Mrs. Ing's valuable pages in her *Elizabethan Lyrics* (1951), there are no studies of his versification, discussion being content with the old counters "rough" or "smooth". There are plenty of topics for graduate students here. Compared with an editor of Shakespeare or Milton, an editor of Donne is a "one-man band".

I was grateful that your reviewer (April 6) generously acknowledged the labour involved in collating, sorting and evaluating the mass of conflicting manuscript evidence. I was particularly pleased that he approved my refusal to "bow to the authority of the 'editor' of *1633*"; and thus recognized that *1633* (though it is the only possible copy-text, since it was most carefully prepared for the press, its accidentals are excellent, and it corrects many obvious minor errors that any editor taking a manuscript as his base would have to correct) has no authority for its substantive readings. It was thus with surprise that I read his commendation of Mr. Mark Roberts's review in *Essays in Criticism* as "powerful"; and I regret that he did not examine Mr. Roberts's "scholarship". I find it difficult to regard as responsible a reviewer who can, in July, 1966, end by writing "confronted with an invitation to make a straight choice of text I should unhesitatingly choose Grierson's"; and less than a year later can write "When Dr. Gardner disagrees with Grierson she is probably right more often than not".

Your reviewer referred to "several places" where Mr. Roberts had pointed out readings or references that should have been included. I will put on a white sheet and confess that four of the complaints have substance. I overlooked in collating that *H 40* reads "'write" for "writt" (thus, three, not two, unrelated manuscripts support a conjecture), that *S 96* reads "last" for "late" (a reading that deserves consideration), and failed, on one occasion, to record a Group I reading. I ought to have commented on a note of Grierson's in "Twickenham Garden".

As your reviewer dealt with this last point, I will make amends here. Grierson argued that the reading of *1633* ("non yet leave loving"), which has no manuscript support, must have stood in a manuscript now lost because the Dutch poet Huyghens (who translated some of Donne's poems before 1630) rendered the line as it stands in the edition. He was assuming that Huyghens's translations published in 1658 (Keynes, p. 174) were identical with those he made some thirty years before. Professor Bachrach of Leiden, who corrected many of Grierson's statements about Huyghens in a doctoral thesis many years ago, proposes to publish a full study of Donne and Huyghens in a second volume of his *Sir Constantine Huyghens and Britain 1596-1687* (Leiden, 1962). I consulted this volume, but wrongly did not consult the thesis, or ask Dr. Bachrach's advice. He now allows me to state that Huyghens translated only four poems before 1630, using a manuscript of the Group III type. He translated a further fifteen (among them "Twickenham Garden") in the autumn of 1633. In these translations he was undoubtedly using the edition of that year, probably a copy of "Poems and Elegies 4°" which was in his library. Grierson's argument that the reading of *1633* must once have stood in a manuscript, because Huyghens knew it, is therefore groundless.

Your reviewer also echoed Mr. Roberts's complaint that in making a conjectural emendation in "The Ecstasy" I went against my own principles, adding "and it is not the only occasion on which she does it". Nothing in the principles stated on page xci suggests that I hold that an editor may never make a conjectural emendation. What interests me is the amount of space that critics need to show that my conjecture is "obviously wrong", and their conflicting interpretations of the received text. I take refuge in a saying of Paul Maas: "refutation of a conjecture advances knowledge of the passage". If I have to withdraw my conjecture, I can claim that I have drawn attention to a difficulty in a much-quoted stanza. As your reviewer does not give other examples of my disregard of my own principles, I must assume he is accepting Mr. Roberts's two further examples.

(i) I accept a correction of the "editor" of *1633* on metrical grounds: "Prophane" for "Prophaness". I cannot believe that your reviewer thinks that an editor should regard it as a matter of principle to accept on authority a line that is unmetrical by what, as far as he can judge, are the poet's own standards. I think the "editor" made a necessary correction here because I can find no parallel in the whole of Donne's lyric verse to the line

Prophaness, to thinke thee any thing but thee,

which has an extra unelidable syllable. Mr. J. C. Maxwell (*M.L.R.*, April, 1966) suggested that we can get ten syllables by eliding later in the line. Donne often writes lines where elision is possible in more than one place. The "editor" of *1633* was particularly careful and skilful in marking it where it was demanded by rhythm. (A comparison of his practice with that in some Shakespearian texts and in the texts of Jonson, another good topic for a graduate student, might advance our knowledge of metre and versification in the period.) This line is the climax of a stanza in which Donne splendidly, as so often in his lyrics, "keeps accent" firmly. I cannot believe he can ever have ended with the line Mr. Maxwell proposes in which the accents are all higgledy-piggledy:

Prophaness, to thinke thee' any thing but thee.

It is a mere heap of ten syllables.

(ii) In his last example Mr. Roberts ignored the fact that the terminal reading of *C'57, Lec*, which *1633* follows, is also the reading of Group III. My principle (p.xci) is that it is only where there are no grounds for arguing superiority or inferiority that I think it better to follow Groups I and II. Here I argue for the superiority of the reading of Group III; Mr. Roberts disagrees. But on my own principles I can exercise choice. If your reviewer or others have further examples of omissions in collation or commentary, or apparent disregard of principles I hope they will draw my attention to them, so that I may consider all suggestions when the whole edition is completed and can be revised throughout.

I am delighted that your reviewer approves the rearrangement of the lyrics and has found by experience that it is both convenient and illuminating. He rather misrepresents me by saying that the difference between the first and the second set is a difference of genre, and by writing as if I want to place all the poems in the second set in the Pyrford period. My suggestion is that the difference between the two sets is less a difference of genre than a difference between a simpler and a more complex lyric style and lyric form; but I think that Donne began to write poems of the second kind during the Pyrford period because I can find evidence in works we can date before "The Progress of the Soul" in 1601 of any such lyric reading. By no means all the poems in the second set can be called "Platonic"; none in the first set are. Of the twenty-seven poems I print in the second set no fewer than eleven have been dated after 1600 by others without arousing protest: "A Valediction: forbidding Mourning" (Hamilton, 1611); "The Blossom", "The Primrose", "The Relic", "The Funeral" (Grierson, post 1601); Collin dated "The Primrose" 1610); "Twickenham Garden", "A Nocturnal" (Grierson, post 1611 and in 1612); "The Sun Rising", "The Canonization" (Praz, 1603); "A Valediction: of my Book" (Garrod, post 1606); and the month my edition appeared Professor Ringler independently pointed to Parcitolli (1599) as the source of a stanza in "The Undertaking". What disturbs your reviewer is the suggestion that cynical poems such as "Love's Alchemy" or "The Flea" were written by the same Donne, and that pdems celebrating new love were written very soon after he first met his wife.

The case against this is "arguable" only if we take the view that a lyric, unlike a dramatic or narrative poem, must express immediate personal experience, and that a poet cannot write a great poem on the death of a beloved mistress unless his mistress has just died. To write a celebration of the first anniversary of meeting his beloved or for such an occasion. An older poet of poetry was that it was an artist of human life and human experience. The love poet imitated "the poets of lovers". What are we to make of "Twickenham Garden"—a sombrely beautiful poem? I suppose we must accept, the title, which is widely distributed, and this correspondence with Lady Bedford after 1607. Donne "sincerely" complaining of the refusal of his pious Protestant patroness to commit adultery with him? If not, what lady is the entourage provoked by her refusal this "plaint" from the devoted friend of Ann More? Why should we assume that the brilliant dialogue between the "heart" and "I" in "The Blossom" must record an actual clandestine affair?

I put forward my hypothesis as hypothesis: to account for the differences in sources drawn on, dedication of thought, and stanza between the two sets. I hope, rather, on pp. lx-lxii, where I put it forward as a "working hypothesis" and felt, therefore, at liberty to state it firmly, I have used qualifying phrases to show it is only a working thesis. If I have slipped and stated things written as if it were sure fact, I hope anyone who has noticed such a slip will let me know.

I must apologize for the delay in sending this letter, which is due to the difficulty of consulting Dr. Bachrach when we were both on holiday.

HELEN GARDNER
Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

❦ Our reviewer writes:—I do not attempt a rejoinder to Miss Helen Gardner's letter. My opinion on our main point of difference—the dating of a number of poems in her "second set"—remains substantially unchanged, and I am still not convinced. I have met anyone who would be prepared to conjecture in "The Ecstasy" a further controversy in your column is not likely to advance the cause of truth in such matters; but I am sure general judgment of scholarship will arbitrate between us on these and other points where we remain at variance.

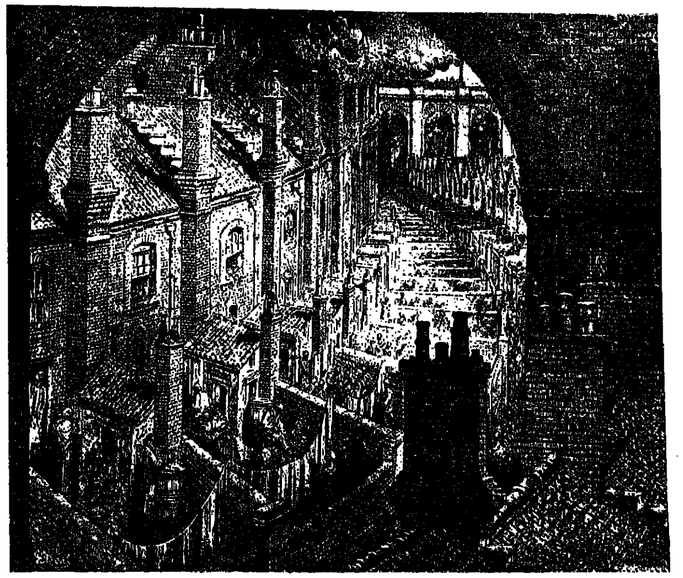
Perhaps, however, I may be allowed (1) to clear up a possible misunderstanding in Dame Helen's third paragraph, where the "reviewer" against whom she alleges inconsistency is not myself but Mr. Roberts; and (2) to express surprise—what Dame Helen very properly admits—that the writer of a review somely admits—that the writer of a review new evidence of Dr. Bachrach's researches Twickenham Garden" affords no evidence whatever justification for her remarks in her letter reference to that translation in her commentary upon the poem.

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THE TIMES
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Over London by rail, by Gustave Doré; from E. Royston Pike's *Human Documents of the Victorian Golden Age*, which is reviewed on page 783.

A SEA OF SYMBOLS

OUR GENERAL ATTITUDE to myths and mythology has undergone a radical change during the past fifty years or so. At the turn of the century a rational, scholarly, *de haut en bas* approach, bred of Positivism and the Enlightenment, was still very much in fashion. The fumbling devices of primitive culture were studied and found wanting. Myth represented an early, prelogical mode of human thought, which, as Professor Grimal says, "saw the world as a stage for a dramatic conflict between capricious wills. . . . To study myths, it was believed, was to review the errors and follies of man."

Today we know that myths, like the poor, are always with us; that they form a vital and constant ingredient of our psyche, an indispensable instrument for observing and controlling phenomena, for imposing some kind of human order on chaos. Many things that we formerly assumed to possess objective reality —including, ironically enough, the notion of human rationalism and progressive perfectibility—turn out to be, after all, essentially mythic in nature.

* * *

It is beginning to look, however, as though the pendulum of reaction may have swung too far the other way. All knowledge — self-knowledge in particular—is bought at a price. We eat the apple, we look at the world and our neighbour with new eyes; and then, before we quite know what has happened, we are on the long road that leads from Eden to the psychiatrist's couch, a flaming sword barring our return, misty Jungian archetypes looming ahead of us. To be or not to be, we mutter existentially, but the slings and arrows we suffer in the mind are those generated by what M. Diel calls *une psychologie quasi stratosphérique*, and if we take arms against anything, it is a sea of symbols.

In one way and another, as at least two of the books here reviewed demonstrate all too clearly, the symbolic interpretation of myth is beginning to get something worse than out of hand. As a method it possesses enormous potential: but it has also, from the very beginning, contained the seeds of its own ultimate destruction. For one thing, the whole symbolic approach is fundamentally anti-historical: Symbols, in particular those dealing with the human psyche, operate almost by definition in a context of supposedly timeless conditions and characteristics. If myths have the same validity for us as they did for our remote ancestors, it follows (we are told) that they must be studied *sub specie aeternitatis*.

There is considerable truth in this: but it is not the whole truth. Yet because of it the equally promising—and equally necessary—approach offered by myth-as-history is being progressively abandoned. These things tend to go in fashions. It may not be all that long before Max Müller and his followers are rehabilitated, and Odysseus and Heracles once more pursue their tortuous symbolic path through the zodiac as walking solar calendars. But do we in fact have to declare ourselves for one end or the other of the egg? Are not *both* elements, the ritual-symbolic and the historical, inextricably bound up in every myth, and expressed by the same symbolism?

* * *

"It is the object of the myth, as of science, to explain the world, to make its phenomena intelligible." This definition of Professor Grimal's hits the nail squarely on the head. It is a pity that the old-fashioned approach to mythology has been so radically rejected; despite its tendentious air of superiority it did latch on to one all-important fact—that myth represented a mode of perception, a way of looking at things which characterized a certain stage in man's development, a tool for formulating ordered patterns in time and space. But this process was never restricted to the timeless phenomena of psyche or cosmos; It also dealt constantly with the Heraclitan flux created by experience. It took a jumbled kaleidoscope of things-done and things-seen-or-heard, and hammered them into a meaningful sequence called the past. All myths, whatever other functions they may have, exist in and contribute to this sequence. They cannot wholly escape the historical process.

But the balance between those opposed elements is hard to maintain without toppling over on one side or the other. All mythologists tend to be *parti pris*; in this field too "the intersection of the timeless with time" is surely an occupation for the saint. Just as excessive preoccupation with the external aspects of myth will produce poetic fiction in disguise, so overemphasis on historical actuality will lead to the theory known as Euhemerism, which regards all myth as nothing but distorted or dramatized history. (Euhemerus, incidentally, appears in this translation as Evhémère, a Gallicism more than usually calculated to baffle English readers.) "Thus", says Professor Grimal, "the Hydra of Lerna was interpreted as a swamp fed by eternal springs, and when Heracles cut off the heads of the monster, he had, according to this theory, diverted the streams supplying water to the marsh."

* * *

Now many students of myth, in particular Mr. Robert Graves, would argue, very plausibly, that this theory has much truth in it. The early mode of perception which operates through juxtapositions of image and symbol rather than by a consequential train

Larousse World Mythology. Edited by Pierre Grimal. Translated by Patricia Beardsworth. 560pp. Paul Hamlyn. £5 5s.

PAUL DIEL: *Le Symbolisme dans la mythologie grecque*. 252pp. Paris: Petite Bibliothèque Payot. 4.80fr.

JACK LINDSAY: *The Clashing Rocks*. A Study of Early Greek Religion and Culture and the Origins of Drama. 517pp. Chapman and Hall. £3 3s.

JOËL SCHMIDT: *Dictionnaire de la mythologie grecque et romaine*. 320pp. Paris: Librairie Larousse. 9.65fr.

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prose, just as metaphor precedes simile may well have recorded events in such a manner. And the recording of events, let us make no mistake about it, was a prime object in myth-making. Romantic modern scholars, nurtured on the post-Wordsworthian concept of creative originality, are prone to forget that conscious and deliberate fiction (except at the lowest level of popular entertainment) is a luxury which only the advanced society can support.

The fallacy of Euhemerism, of course—and indeed of most theories in this field—is to assume its own universal applicability. Furthermore, both Euhemerists and symbolists tend to be bedevilled by their own intellectual sophistication, and project it on to the society they are studying. From the moment that any civilization reaches the stage of rational, conscious thought, it will swiftly lose its natural ability—and inclination—to interpret phenomena in mythical terms. Such mythopoeic faculties as it retains will tend to be restricted to poets, whose numinous quality resides in their (strictly anachronistic) familiarity with magic and metaphor. Very soon its scholars and thinkers will find themselves in the same self-conscious relationship to their mythological inheritance as we do today—that is, on the outside looking in. Given such a situation, it is hard to avoid back-tracking one's own sophisticated assumptions, and crediting *homo mythocentricus* with deliberate, logical motives in shaping his concept of the world.

The trouble with symbols, of course, is that we can. Humpty-Dumpty-like, interpret them to mean almost anything we please. One becomes acutely aware of this while reading M. Diel's *Le Symbolisme dans la mythologie grecque*. For him the mythic hero is "le représentant de la poussée évolutive, la personnification de l'élan spiritualisant". Daedalus symbolizes "l'intellect perverti, la pensée affectivement aveuglée". Bellerophon's winged steed represents "l'imagination créatrice et son élévation réelle". Chaos in the *Theogony*, as we might expect, "n'est pas une réalité, il n'est qu'une dénomination symbolique". The shirt of Nessus becomes a mere image of abstract lust, symbolically adhering to Heracles's flesh. Again and again, at the risk of sounding banal (M. Diel's most fearful witch-word), one feels like saying: "Well, yes, I see how you might take it that way; I don't happen to agree; but in any case both our reactions are purely personal and subjective."

Such *apercus*, however attractive, can scarcely form the basis of a serious thesis, since they are by definition beyond the reach of logical argument. M. Diel offers considerable rewards to the persevering (he also has some pleasantly sharp things to say about his Freudian and Jungian predecessors in the field) but the cumulative effect of reading his book is much like walking into an ever-thickening fog. Nothing is what it seems at its face value. Concrete persons and events blur, melt, are reduced to mere generalized abstractions. M. Diel heads one section, on the Argonauts, "Le Combat contre la banalisation"; like so many French intellectuals, he appears to find mere facts a trifle vulgar, and cannot rest until he has fed them into his symbolical mincer and made systematic hash of them.

It is interesting, and revealing, to compare M. Diel's interpretations with those put forward by Mr. Lindsay in *The Clashing Rocks*: where they overlap they might be discussing quite different episodes. If M. Diel has a bee in his bonnet about *banalisation*, or reduction to the commonplace, Mr. Lindsay suffers from the equally disconcerting tendency to see shamans under every burning bush. For M. Diel the Symplegades "sont figuratifs de la double menace qui plane sur toute l'entreprise: débauche et tyrannie". Mr. Lindsay sees them as the entry to the other world, the gateway of initiation, deriving their imagery in the first instance from the spasmic movement of the vulva in childbirth—a pleasantly eclectic mixture of Freud and Van Gennep's *Rites de passage*. When such widely divergent views can coexist without apparent incompatibility, it soon becomes clear (if it was not so from the beginning) that the whole business of symbolic interpretation means no more than backing one's emotional fancy.

Mr. Lindsay's central thesis—which owes an acknowledged debt to the work of Jane Harrison and F. M. Cornford—is roughly as follows. Shamanism was characteristic of the old pre-Olympian religion in Greece. The losing battle which this religion fought against the Olympians underlies much Greek mythology, and in particular can be regarded as a formative element of early Greek drama, which crystallized the conflict in personal and symbolic terms. Mr. Lindsay's theme is by no means without its attractions, but he can hardly be said to present it to its best advantage. His methods of argument are even more *outré* than those employed by Mr. Robert Graves in *The White Goddess*, and he shows a similar tendency to play hopscotch with dubious etymologies. Minoan-Mycenean religion, which might well have torpedoed his case, he sidesteps altogether.

* * *

His main line is to stick the all-purpose label of "shamanism" on any magical, prerational or marvellous element in the myths. Thus Ajax and Caeneus become shamanistic magical warriors, and Heracles, with his Labours, a shamanistic "defier" of the Olympians. Mr. Lindsay is almost as hot on defiance as M. Diel is on *banalisation*. For him Greek tragedy is crammed with defiant-shaman heroes, not all of whom can be presented so convincingly as Prometheus. The device of *stichomythia*, we are told, originated with the "mantic riddle-contest", and even Socrates's airborne activities in *The Clouds* become a parody of the shaman's ascent to heaven.

Mr. Lindsay may acknowledge Cornford's influence, but one suspects that Professor Dodds has had a hand in the matter too. For eight years now that yeasty work *The Greeks and the Irrational* has been doing its work, and today the dough is beginning to rise with a vengeance. It looks as though shamanism is getting to be the latest O.K. fashion among mythical symbol-hunters. Mr. Lindsay's book bears a striking resemblance to another, slightly more recent, study. Mr. E. A. S. Butterworth's *Some Traces of the Pre-Olympian World in Greek Literature and Myth* (Berlin, 1960). Mr. Butterworth, too, finds shamans everywhere in the pre-Olympian world: to Mr. Lindsay's list he adds Agamemnon, whose death we might have known it was a ritual sacrifice: nothing so dull and commonplace as an historical matter of adultery, usurpation, and murder for revenge. The Homeric poems, for Mr. Butterworth, are full of telltale hints about sacrificed kings, which the poet despite his marked patrilinear prejudice could not entirely eliminate from the traditional text. Though Mr. Lindsay also posits a mythic structure for the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (Helen appears as a fertility-goddess, Odysseus as a tribal bear, and Penelope as a wild duck) this particular angle, so reminiscent of Frazer and Hocart, appears to have escaped his notice.

We do, as it happens, know quite a bit about various shamans, mostly from Herodotus. But they all belong to the late archaic period of colonization and expansion, when Greeks penetrated the Black Sea and planted colonies in the Crimea. Scythians were much addicted to shamanism; it does not seem to have flourished indigenously on Greek soil. That it was a widespread phenomenon during the Bronze Age is pure speculation, and highly improbable at that. The Linear B tablets not only show no hint of a matrilinear, much less a shamanistic society, but positively indicate that the Olympic pantheon may have been established much earlier than was formerly supposed. Absence of evidence, however, never deters Mr. Lindsay; indeed, he can often turn it to good account. "Almost all shamanistic elements", he writes, "have been carefully excluded from the *Iliad*"—thus transforming an unfavourable *argumentum ex silentio* into a sinister conspiracy of suppression.

* * *

The trouble with theories and arguments such as these is that they cannot be subjected to any of the usual testing criteria: they create their own symbolic and associative logic as they go along. The situation is often worse confused by the fact that their authors tend to dress them up in the trappings of conventional scholarship (Mr. Lindsay's documentation looks most impressive until one begins to examine it in detail). It is therefore extremely hard to disprove many of the assertions made: one is thrown back on the appeal to sheer implausibility. As a criticism this perhaps carries more weight than has generally been allowed. A major by-product of the mythic approach to myth, whatever angle, is, surely, apathy—most ordinary-or-garden human beings. When ritual and symbol come through the front door, historical and indeed psychological conscience sense all too often flies out of the window.

What both M. Diel and Mr. Lindsay seem to suffer from—it is a surprisingly common fault in this type of book—is a complete failure to visualize their ritual in action, as a day-to-day basis. (Hence, perhaps, their antipathy towards the historical approach.) The moment one applies this test, it becomes apparent that no such society ever existed or could exist on earth: the forced labour of the Aztecs or Old Kingdom Egyptians pales into insignificance beside. At one level these writers display much imagination; at another, little. Just what motives drive poets or scholars to create these timeless never-never-lands of symbol and myth would make an interesting study in itself. Professor Trevor-Roper's devastating attack on Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History* suggests an answer. The religion of Minoan-Mycenean takes some very odd forms these days.

Though much incidental gold can be sifted from all this symbolic rubble, it is an undeniable relief to turn to something like the *Larousse World Mythology*, or even Joël Schmidt's handy little *Dictionnaire de la mythologie grecque et romaine*, and have one's facts set up more or less straight, with a bare minimum of interpretation. The Larousse volume contains God's plenty indeed, not to mention plenty of gods. Egypt, Babylon, Persia, India, Greece, Rome, China, Japan; Celts, Slavs, Eskimos, Africans, Polynesians—all these and more are passed in review. As one is remarked of the original French edition, we get not only a gallery of gods and spirits, plus an anthology of splendid *Märchen*, "mais également une histoire originale de la civilisation et de la pensée humaine". The panoptic survey creates its own perspectives.

The illustrations, many of them full colour, are particularly striking: fetishes, rock-paintings, masks, totems; three-headed monsters, pyramids, tombs of every shape and size; gods with no faces, gods with three heads or a dozen arms, gods with gargoyle grins and obvious psychopathic propensities—the pantheons amazes and enthrals, by its historical and cultural diversity no less than the universal patterns one sees beneath such a colourful scatter of artifacts. Yet, paradoxically, what emerges most strongly from such a splendid volume is the feeling of divinity so much as of human. "Strange things are many", Sophocles wrote, "but none come stranger than Man." In the present case it would be hard to argue with him.

DEUTSCHER'S STALIN

I. DEUTSCHER: *Stalin.* A Political Biography. 661pp. Oxford University Press. £3 3s.

Isaac Deutscher's sudden and premature death adds a poignant interest to the publication of a new and enlarged edition of his biography of Stalin, his first major contribution to Soviet history, and a work which first made him known to a wide circle of readers. The new edition carries on the narrative from the end of the war, its original stopping-place, to Stalin's death. The biography in its old form, first published almost twenty years ago in the last decade of Stalin's life, has stood up remarkably well, and has enjoyed an ever-increasing reputation among students of the period. Deutscher had altered nothing of the original text. The only point on which he somewhat doubtfully admitted in his preface that a revision might be called for is his account of the downfall and execution of Tukhachevsky. On reflection it is remarkable how little Khrushchev's sensational revelations at the twentieth party congress really revealed. That many of Stalin's victims were innocent of the crimes fathered on them had long been the accepted opinion, at any rate outside the Soviet Union. Khrushchev's list was clearly not exhaustive and included none of the major civilian figures. The ambiguous situation created by the revelations, and by the sporadic rehabilitations that followed, has, as Deutscher points out, weighed on the party ever since.

An entirely new chapter has been added in this edition for the years from 1945 to 1953. The events of these years are familiar, and Deutscher has done no more than provide a summary of them. As regards what lay behind, in terms of Stalin's personality or of the struggles within the party, this is as obscure a period as any in Stalin's career. Deutscher prudently declined to enter into psychological speculation on Stalin's state of mind, and ventured on no new interpretation of the divisions and rivalries between the other leaders. In general, he is content to reiterate his conclusions of twenty years ago on Stalin's historical role, and to point to the beginnings of the process of "de-Stalinization" the necessity of which he had stressed on the final words of the original work. This is likely to remain for a long time the standard biography of Stalin in any language. But though Stalin as a subject for the biographer may be finished and done with, the problems which he has left behind him are legion; and it is a real reflection that, when these controversies are discussed, we shall no longer enjoy the benefit of Deutscher's insight and eloquence.

THE TIBETAN POINT OF VIEW

TSEPON W. D. SHAKABPA: *Tibet: A Political History.* 369pp. Yale University Press. £3 12s.

CHÖGYAM TRUNGPA: *Born in Tibet.* As told to Esmé Cramer Roberts. 264pp. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

The first attempt at a comprehensive political history of Tibet in the English language was Sir Charles Bell's *Tibet Past and Present*, which the Oxford University Press published in 1924. The book was based on Bell's great experience of Tibetan affairs; and it reflected the opinion of a certain group of officials in the service of the Government of India that Tibet was by history and tradition an independent state where Chinese rule was but a brief episode which had effectively come to an end with the fall of the Manchu Dynasty in 1912. Bell was certainly no great historian; but his writing was inspired by a charming enthusiasm for his subject. In default of alternatives, *Tibet Past and Present* remained the authoritative standard work until the publication of H. E. Richardson's *Tibet and its History* in 1962. Mr. Richardson, like Bell, had come into contact with Tibet through his service in the Government of India; and his narrative, though more methodical in its arrangement and more scholarly in its use of Tibetan and other sources, reflects a point of view very similar to that of Sir Charles Bell.

Neither Mr. Richardson nor Bell was able to make much use of Tibetan archives, a fact which put them at a disadvantage, at least in terms of the weight of critical apparatus they could bring to bear, in the face of Chinese scholars demonstrating the strength of the bonds that had tied Tibet to China. A good example of the pro-Chinese school is Li Tieh-tseng's *The Historical Status of Tibet*, published in 1956. Here the great riches of Chinese historiography are dredged to bring up evidence that Tibet for more than two centuries, with the exception of brief episodes, has been under some form of Chinese sovereignty. The argument, of course, is of more than academic interest, for it relates closely to the rights and wrongs of the Chinese "peaceful liberation" of Tibet in 1950-51 and of the Chinese case in the Sino-Indian boundary dispute. In this argument, for the first time, there is now available a purely Tibetan point of view, based on a most impressive list of Tibetan sources both primary and secondary. This is Tsepon W. D. Shakabpa's *Tibet: A Political History*.

Tsepon W. D. Shakabpa was at one time a Minister in the Government of the fourteenth Dalai Lama. He went into exile in 1951 rather than collaborate with the Chinese. His book was originally written in Tibetan, and then translated into English with expert assistance. It carries the official blessing of the fourteenth Dalai Lama, who states that it presents "a true picture of Tibet". As an introduction to Tibetan history, Mr. Richardson's book may still be preferred if only because it is easier to read. As a source of insight into the Tibetan point of view during events hitherto known only from non-Tibetan sources, however, Tsepon W. D. Shakabpa's work is of the greatest importance. For example, we have here for the first time an account of the deliberations of the Tibetan Cabinet, the Kashag, and the Tibetan parliament, the Tsongdu, in 1903 on the eve of the advance to Lhasa of the British expeditionary force under the command of Francis Younghusband. Again, there are some interesting sidelights on the Tibetan attitude towards the Simla Conference of 1913-14 in which an attempt was made by the Government of India to secure Chinese agreement on the status of Tibet. The final act of the Conference, the so-called Simla Convention, was never in fact signed (it was initialled), and there has been argument ever since as to its validity. Tsepon W. D. Shakabpa makes it clear that, whatever might be the position in international law, the Tibetan Government did consider the Convention to be signed. To them it was evidence of an assertion of Tibetan independence by the exercise of treaty-making powers.

One would have expected from the high position in the Tibetan Government that Tsepon W. D. Shakabpa held that he would have had a great deal to say about the last years of Tibetan independence, the 1930s and 1940s, which saw the death of the great thirteenth Dalai Lama and a steady increase of Chinese pressure, first under the Nationalists and then under the Communists. In fact the chapter dealing with this period is both brief and rather disappointing, as also is the final section which describes Tibet under Chinese Communist rule. Less than three pages are devoted to the circumstances surrounding the fourteenth Dalai Lama's decision to escape to India in March, 1959.

For a more detailed, though intensely personal, account of anti-Chinese feeling in Tibet and of the 1959 exodus there is Chögyam Trungpa's narrative, *Born in Tibet*. Chögyam Trungpa is a Tibetan monk, and an Incarnation of high rank. He was just twenty years old when he fled to India at the time of the Dalai Lama's escape. His narrative is a moving document which fills in some of the bare bones of Tsepon W. D. Shakabpa's history.

A NEUTRAL IN VIETNAM

KUNO KNOEBL: *Victor Charlie.* Translated by Abe Farbstein. 304pp. Pall Mall Press. £2 2s.

The Austrian journalist Kuno Knoebl must be the first to have seen and talked to Vietcong and North Vietnamese withdrawing from one side of a battle and to have been in action with the Americans in the same area shortly afterwards. He is not the first non-communist to have been shown round a fortified Vietcong village in the Saigon region, but he is one of the first to have seen the Ho Chi Minh trail, and his book gives an illuminating account of it. As Bernard Fall says in the introduction, there are errors that could have been avoided "by somewhat more digging than is usually feasible for a journalism under fire". But they can be discounted in such a vivid and readable piece of reporting by an author of such evident courage.

Mr. Knoebl deals in an admirably practical fashion with many of the main questions of Vietnam as they stood in the middle of last year. How communist are the Vietcong? "—many prisoners", an American officer told him, "first learn what communism really is from us during interrogation, in prison camps or in the re-education courses. And quite a few of them go for it." How do the Vietcong keep the people on their side?—"the simplicity and precision with which Communist propagandists treat problems of interest to peasants makes sense and is highly effective". Furthermore—"important are the many 'anti': anti-imperialism, anti-Americanism, anti-rich and above all anti-white". The Vietcong gain also because so often they are the only source of political education—one is reminded of a recent comment on a communist lesson elsewhere that the explanation impressed the people because nobody had ever tried to explain anything to them before. The use of poison gas?—of course not, but try and explain to a peasant who has seen his crops wither and his children made unconscious by tear-gas in a bunker the difference between chemical spray, tear gas and lethal gas.

Defoliating the jungle with chemical sprays to deny the guerrillas protection or destroying crops to deprive them of food may have seemed worth while to the U.S. military, but no aid programme, however its size, can easily remove the impression the United States has left in Vietnam. The use of such weapons may have been militarily justified, but given the political aspects of the war—and its effects on the non-white world—their use can only have been counterproductive.

The figures which the author gives for corruption in South Vietnam are staggering—indeed he calls this one of the major Communist weapons against the Americans: 60 per cent of United States economic aid, he says, is embezzled by the ruling party or the army, and 50 per cent of all the "Free World" money sent to South Vietnam flows back to private bank accounts in the west. He also goes into the knotty problem of the assessment—and exaggeration for political reasons—of enemy casualties. He tells again the tragic story of the anti-Communist montagnards, raised and trained into substantial allies by the United States Special Forces and betrayed by conflicting policy to their hereditary enemies, the South Vietnamese, who suppressed them with a savagery they have rarely shown against the Vietcong. He is also equally clear about the change in the nature of the war which took place at the end of 1965, regarding it as a change of American policy from unlimited aid to limited war, *followed* by the major military commitment of North Vietnam, and about the issue now, however it arose:

> The rebellion in South Viet-Nam was originally a popular uprising against Diem's government. But today it is clear that the South Vietnamese rebel organizations do not have the final word in the Viet-Cong struggle against the U.S. and Saigon. For the Communists, the course of the war is being determined by North Viet-Nam, and for North Viet-Nam by China. The issue in South Viet-Nam is no longer "liberation" but the problems arising from Chinese Communist ideas of world revolution.

The freshness of the book, however, lies in its reporting of the author's experience, the discussions with the Vietcong in the jungle, the descriptions of the rebel village practising its elaborate air raid precautions, of the immense complex of jungle roads and tracks in South-east Laos—virtually indestructible by bombing—that is now the Ho Chi Minh trail, and of the American actions at which the author was present, in one of which he was wounded, though he barely mentions this:

> Bullets from a machine-gun whistled through the bushes. I asked the company commander why no one had called for air support. "Impossible, we're too close to the enemy", he replied. I suddenly realized I was not so safe on the winning side. What was taking place in this rice paddy scarcely resembled anything I had been told of in Saigon. I thought of the jet bombers in Tan Son Nhut (Saigon airport). They could not be used here. Nor could artillery. My supplies and equipment suddenly seemed useless. Only the individual, the soldier, counted here. Not the one who was backed by greater power, not the one with better weapons, but the one who fought better.

And fighting is so much a matter of motivation. On the one hand the Viet Minh and Vietcong display against the Americans the same devoted ferocity, the same contempt for odds that they showed against the French at Dien Bien Phu; once more "the bodies of the attackers lay where they had fallen. It was clear that the guerrillas had run straight into the U.S. fire". Elsewhere, when upon occasion the American Marines do this, they are not commended for it; but for the most part "our men are fighting because they have to. In a matter of fact way. They're brave, they do what they are told to do, and yet this war means nothing to them—they're doing a job, that's all."

This is not an anti-American book: it is clear enough where is the sad heart of this detached, neutral observer. He views both participants with compassion, however, and it is on their characters rather than on the technical odds that he makes his assessment. The military victory of the guerrillas may now be impossible, he says, but the political defeat of the Vietcong may be equally impossible.

The United States may escalate the war further, but it has no guarantee, in the end, of winning it politically. The Communists in North Vietnam and their backers in China say that they will continue the war, whether it lasts another five, ten or twenty years. Their statements must be taken seriously; after all, guerrilla wars can long lie dormant and then erupt again at a more advantageous moment, under more favourable conditions for the guerrillas. Prospects for the most rational solution—through political negotiation—remain remote.

Mr. Knoebl is the first observer from a country which is not an interested party to the conflict to have written a major book about it. The original in German has already had wide influence. Mr. Abe Farbstein's excellent English translation should be equally widely read.

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PATRONAGE, STYLE AND TASTE

E. H. GOMBRICH: *Norm and Form.* Studies in the art of the Renaissance. 167pp. 180 illustrations. Phaidon Press. £2 7s. 6d.

Professor Gombrich's volume of essays, the first of two on Renaissance art, is concerned with questions of patronage, style and taste. As with every theme which the author touches, a most searching light is thrown not only on the subject in question but around and beyond it; always the beam discovers something to clinch a point or confirm an opinion and often much more. An example is the essay on Apollonio di Giovanni, the Florentine painter of marriage chests. Others had traced through the coats of arms on it the one surviving chest which could be connected with a particular Florentine workshop of which production records exist for the years 1446 to 1463. The workshop was owned by two masters, Marco del Buono and Apollonio di Giovanni, and the first question to be answered was the attribution of the chest paintings and of other Virgilian scenes on *cassoni* which are clearly by the same hand. The question is not as academic as it might sound to the non-specialist since such paintings constitute perhaps the clearest reflection of the taste of the Florentine merchant classes. The answer to the question is found by Professor Gombrich in an epigram of the humanist versifier, Ugolino Verino, on "the outstanding painter Apollonius", the gifted artist of Virgilian scenes. Apollonius, the "Tuscan Apelles", could only be Apollonio di Giovanni, of the Florentine *cassone* workshop. Of more general interest is the tentative connexion of Botticelli with this workshop and the possible influence of its still vigorous International Style on Botticelli's treatment of biblical themes in his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel.

Certainly Professor Gombrich's classical scholarship and his familiarity with humanist texts give him a decided advantage over most art historians in this field. The emphasis is always on the contemporary outlook and the reaction of contemporaries, in particular artists and their patrons, to the ideas propounded by the writers of their day. For instance, he is not concerned with the general problem of artistic progress —whether such can be said to exist or not—but with the origin and growth of the Renaissance idea of it, one made familiar by Vasari in his *Lives*. He brings to this discussion the views of the Florentine humanist, Alamanno Rinuccini, published only in the eighteenth century and unnoticed by other art historians. Writing in 1473, Rinuccini clearly propounds the idea of artistic progress after the Gothic debacle and links it with the recently acquired refinement of Latin style and eloquence. The idea was in the air and the classical parallel was becoming familiar. The progress of Giotto and Masaccio in the direction of realism made the classical pattern appear to fit the Florentine model. But the conception of artistic progress itself helped to create a climate of ideas which in turn shaped the artists who were exposed to it. So, though Ghiberti was content to model himself on Andrea Pisano for his first Baptistry door, the stylistic changes are so marked in his second, finished twenty-eight years later (1452), as to suggest a conscious effort to progress beyond his model.

The changes are well known but not Ghiberti's contact with the humanist collector, Aurispa, with whom he may have exchanged manuscripts. So the ideas of the humanists may well have contributed to the remarkable stylistic development apparent in the "Gates of Paradise". Professor Gombrich follows up this idea with the plausible suggestion that Ghiberti was deliberately emulating the career of the sculptor Lysippus as outlined in Pliny's account of the development of ancient art. That sculptor is said to have changed the old way of representing men by making them less squat and heavy—precisely what Ghiberti did in his second Baptistry door, bringing with these changes new movement and grace. Ghiberti is here shown in a new light as being in touch with humanist circles and as one of the first of a long line of Renaissance artists to demonstrate in his own work his acceptance of the idea of artistic progress.

Farther along the same line of conscious development Leonardo is shown solving his problems of artistic composition in an entirely individual way. The essay is an excellent summary of his ideas on composition as set out in his *Treatise on Painting*, illustrated by an apt choice of drawings. His break with convention, his elevation of the rapid sketch into the all important reflection of the evolving creative process, his concern with the right artistic solution in composition rather than with the standards of execution are all readily acceptable notions today. Of course they were too revolutionary to be generally influential then, though their influence on the course of Raphael's art has been underemphasised; it is convincingly demonstrated here and in the study of Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia".

Professor Gombrich's examination of the "Medici myth", in particular Lorenzo's responsibility for the "magic efflorescence of the human spirit, the Renaissance", is no less convincing. The Golden Age in a sense became true for Florence because enough men, including perhaps Lorenzo himself, believed in it. Some, if necessarily limited, insight is given into the taste and patronage of the early Medici, most satisfactorily for Cosimo, least so for Lorenzo. But discussing the different type of patronage of Lorenzo and his "artistic policy", Professor Gombrich hints that Michelangelo's attitude of rebellion against ecclesiastical commissions, his intention to rival the ancient sculptors on their own ground may have been influenced by Lorenzo's new kind of artistic direction.

In the title essay "Norm and Form" the author discusses the stylistic categories of art history and their origins in Renaissance ideals. He often writes illuminatingly, but here for once he frequently allows his usually clear if elaborate style to be clouded with abstruse terminology so that just when one thinks the meaning must now reveal itself it is lost again. Yet his sometimes difficult prose can give great pleasure, as in the study of Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia". Here he is at his best, colourful, instructive, amusing and, on occasions, memorable as in the passage: "But whatever the value or otherwise of all the anecdotes and associations which have come to cluster round the "Madonna della Sedia" a work of art carries with it the barnacles of its voyage through the centuries"; and again, "It is a frightening thought, and yet, I believe, true, that anything we say or write about a painting may change it in a subtle way".

The author's documentation is of the highest order and his illustrations are always apposite and helpful. The production too reaches a high standard and the book is a pleasure to handle.

THE PARMESAN SCHOOL

A. E. POPHAM: *Italian Drawings in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. Artists Working in Parma in the Sixteenth Century.* 139pp. 154 plates. Trustees of the British Museum. 2 Vols. (Text and Plates.) £4 4s. the set.

As Mr. Popham explains in his preface, it was originally intended that a volume of the British Museum catalogue of Italian drawings should be devoted to Emilian artists of the sixteenth century. For practical reasons the book has been divided into two, and the volume now issued deals with painters working in Parma, to the exclusion of those active at Modena, Bologna and elsewhere. Its main features are twenty-three drawings by or associable with Correggio and 166 drawings by or associable with Parmigianino. Other artists whose drawings are included in it are Michelangelo Anselmi, Rondani, Bernardino Gatti known as "il scimmia di Correggio", the Brescian painter Lattanzio Gambara (who qualifies by the skin of his teeth on the strength of paintings in the nave of Parma Cathedral), Lelio Orsi, Girolamo Bedoli and Bertoja.

No living scholar has made a greater contribution to the study of Parmesan drawings than Mr. Popham, and the fact that knowledge of them is so comprehensive and so soundly based is in large part due to his exhaustive survey of the drawings of Correggio, to an earlier and shorter book on the drawings of Parmigianino, and to the memorable exhibition of Emilian drawings held in the British Museum Print Room in 1951, it is assumed in the new catalogue that the reader is familiar with this background material, and many of the entries for Correggio are less thorough than those in the earlier book. Thus the arguments for associating the beautiful pen drawing of the "Lamentation over the dead Christ" with the painting of this subject in the Parma gallery are no more than outlined, though they were stated with great cogency when the drawing was discussed before. Students who wish to ascertain the connexion between the British Museum study for the pendentive of SS. Matthew and Jerome in S. Giovanni Evangelista in Parma and the other drawings for this pendentive, or between the study for the Eve in the cupola of Parma Cathedral and the cognate drawings in Haarlem and Paris, will likewise be bound to consult Correggio's drawings rather than the present catalogue. Even at the risk of repetition, fuller entries should have been given for these and other sheets. On the other hand, the catalogue contains one novel attribution to Correggio in the form of a drawing after a classicising North Italian sculpture, of which a study by another hand exists in the Louvre.

The extensive section on Parmigianino is not open to this criticism. The entry for the fine sheet with "The Adoration of the Shepherds with the Virgin bathing the Infant Christ" is much more ample than the account of this drawing given in 1952, and takes the cognate drawings in the Metropolitan Museum and elsewhere into full account. This is also the case with the splendid drawing of "The Martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul", which is once more plausibly associated with the project for frescoes in the Sala dei Pontefici of the Vatican. Following a suggestion of Freedberg, Mr. Popham relates the elaborate drawing of "The Presentation of Christ in the Temple" to Parmigianino's Roman period, and withdraws his earlier suggestion that it might have been designed for one of the apses in S. Maria della Steccata at Parma. A masterly survey is given of the four well-known early studies for the vault of the Steccata, and of the series of sketches for "a Daniel in the Lions' Den", which seems to have been destined for one of the *sottarchi* in this church. Again and again in these entries one comes upon some observation which reveals the extent of Mr. Popham's understanding of the creative mentality of this mysterious artist.

The remaining drawings will prove of interest mainly to specialists. Two attributions to Rondani are advanced with some reserve, as is that to Bernardino Gatti of a pretty drawing of a naked girl holding a chemise. Of greater interest are three studies by Lattanzio Gambara for the "Ascension" on the west wall of the nave of Parma Cathedral and a drawing of "Jael and Sisera" previously given to Boccaccino. Also worthy of note is a study by Lelio Orsi for a cupola fresco of the "Assumption of the Virgin", which is here tentatively connected with the demolished church of the Carmine (by Novellara). Two drawings by Orsi for a composition of "The Conversion of St. Paul" are linked by Mr. Popham with a letter written from Novellara in 1559, in which the artist asks for drawings of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Cappella Paolina. The four authentic drawings by Bedoli have been discussed by Mr. Popham on an earlier occasion, but the Bertoja drawings include a first-rate analysis of the problems presented by a study for the decoration of the Oratory of S. Lucia del Gonfalone in Rome.

IN THE ROUND

HANS KOEPF: *Masterpieces of Sculpture.* Edited by J. P. Schadendorf. Translated by Mervyn Savill. 92pp. 108 plates. Macdonald. £6 6s.

GEORGE M. A. HANFMANN: *Classical Sculpture.* 352pp. *Sculpture, 19th and 20th Centuries.* 352pp. Michael Joseph. £3 15s. each.

MARGARET WHINNEY and RUPERT GUNNIS (Editors): *The Collection of Models by John Flaxman R.A. at University College London.* 72pp. 32 plates. Athlone Press. £2 15s.

Professor Koepf in *Masterpieces of Sculpture* gives a short introduction, a glossary of technical terms, subjects and mythological characters, a "register" of artists, by which is meant an index of artists (not all of whom are reproduced here), and a list of collections from which objects have been reproduced. This does not include the churches from which some of them come. There is no index as such. The system of illustration is intelligent: a large plate is accompanied by two or three small plates of comparative material opposite it. The colour photographs, for instance of the Alexander Sarcophagus in Istanbul, or of two Queens, with their candles alight, from the Hofkirche in Innsbruck, are more helpful than gimmicky. Locations of work are not always so helpful. Boston Museum, Cambridge Museum, and Strasbourg Frauenhaus are among the oddities. Nor is it sensible to give the height of the "Laocoon" as eight inches, and no size at all for the Cellini saltcellar.

The other two general surveys are the first and last of the History of Western Sculpture Series which includes *Medieval Sculpture* by Roberto Salvini and *Sculpture, Renaissance to Rococo* by Herbert Keutner. They consist of very short introductions and repertories of plates with succinct notes, a straightforward index, and a short bibliography. George M. A. Hanfmann's volume on classical sculpture spreads a wide net and includes the superb head from Volubilis (Juba II?) as well as the Cato, both now in the splendid museum at Rabat. The range is from Neolithic cult figures from Anatolia to sections on the periphery of Hellenistic, provincial Roman, and a final section on Roman and early Christian sculpture, of which examples shown include the Dumbarton Oaks pyx representing Daniel in the lions' den.

The objects are reproduced again in postage stamp size among the notes and the arrangement seems admirable. Fred Licht gives generous rations of Canova, Thorvaldsen, David d'Angers, Rude, Daumier, and especially and rightly Carpeaux, Dalou, Rodin, Rosso, Maillol and Bourdelle; a selection, too, of war memorials, about which he can be fairly scathing. The choice is not hackneyed and there are some surprises, especially among the Italians. Lehmbruck is admitted but not Thorak or Kolbe; Butler but no Meadows or Kricke. But in an anthology of this type the selection is never hope to win.

The Flaxman catalogue is very different. He was an extremely productive, restrained, classicistic artist whose illustrations to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* became famous all over Europe and had a great influence especially on Ingres. His cold line is almost like a silhouette, is especially suitable for bringing to life enough of a poet like Dante, and leaving the rest to the words he is illustrating. It is rather the same with his sculpture. Being for the most part a monumental and funerary sculptor he shows the beholder, in bold unfeeling outlines, what it is necessary to know about human suffering and the virtues of faith, hope and charity. He was particularly successful with the portrayal of young children as supporting actors in the incidents he used, and were always extremely simple, the death-bed (with memories of Poussin), or the great churchman, doctor, tutor, teacher or lady bountiful, now required by the commissioner.

"The real ends of painting, sculpture and all the other artisanships are the mind to a contemplation of truth." Flaxman's words, quoted by Dr. Whinney, are a fair summary of his intention and ideals. He was, again, an example of the British artist who benefited to an extraordinary degree from his visit in Italy. His Roman inclinations are evident in his works, just as they are in a Reynolds or a Wilson, or those of Florence in some of the works of Henry Moore. And, to quote Mr. Licht on Flaxman, "It is in these of the English genius to achieve its highest fulfilment in the sensitive transcription of intimate, restrained sentiments". This is why his "St. Michael overcoming Satan" is one of the great treasures of the Petworth Sculpture Gallery.

The combination of the two, Rupert Gunnis, with his faculty for finding and identifying the less obscure, with the Courtauld approach of Dr. Whinney is an admirable one for the purpose of introducing his "Nachlass". Most of the models have been identified, even where—sadly enough—the originals have been destroyed. The notes are short and to the point, and most of the works discussed are illustrated with photographs of the finished sculpture, where needed. The Courtauld approach is well known to be not one of appreciation but of data, and the facts have been concisely assembled.

ONLY COLLECT

AMORET and CHRISTOPHER SCOTT: *Dummy Board Figures.* 21pp. 32 plates. Cambridge: The Golden Head Press. 15s. *Tobacco and the Collector.* Illustrated by Cécile Curtis. 178pp. Max Parrish. 30s.

JANE DOUGLAS: *How to Collect.* Edited by Barbara Hargreaves. 64pp. Countrywise Books. 21s.

ERNEST REYNOLDS: *Collecting Victorian Porcelain.* 128pp. 32 plates. Arco. 42s.

Dummy board figures can be classed as among the most endearing of survivals from the past, originating in a fashionable fad for *trompe l'oeil* paintings; then some unknown conceived the idea of painting a board with a human figure, cutting out the outline and either fixing the result to the wall or propping it up in such a way that the visitor is confronted with what at first sight he may take for an actual personage. The best known type is the pretty girl with a broom in her hand. Others are of soldiers, perhaps originally made as recruiting posters, boys and girls in seventeenth-century dress, and an occasional gardener or fisherman. A pig in the Victoria and Albert Museum from the late eighteenth century only ten inches in height, and a cat of some years later, were presumably made to stand in the fireplace during the summer. All this and a good deal more is divulged by Amoret and Christopher Scott in their modest little booklet. To the same authors we owe *Tobacco and the Collector*, which begins with the Mayas and deals with everything imaginable from clay pipes to tinder boxes and matchbox labels. An interesting little volume, full of out of the way information and useful line drawings.

How to Collect, by Jane Douglas, is an *omnium gatherum* of the books published during the past few years under the title of Collecting Glass, China, Silver, Furniture and Things—this last word including such oddments as horse brasses, fenderwork screens and jet ornaments. It offers bright, sensible advice about poking around junk shops and the knowledgeable about off-beat enthusiasms.

Nearly everyone who writes with mingled enthusiasm and humour about Victoriana necessarily becomes a trifle apologetic, dodges the horrors as best he can and doles out words of praise where praise is possible. Ernest Reynolds makes few apologies, shows us some singularly ugly specimens as well as the best, and puts up a case for toleration. "It is only fair", he says, "to discuss some of the truly lovely works of the Victorian ceramic artists as unworthy of serious attention merely because they fall in line with the generally accepted artistic canons of their century." His is special pleading. Nevertheless his book is full of information of a kind not generally found except in specialist publications, notably dealing with the lesser figure-

Fiction

THERE AND BACK

STANLEY CRAWFORD: *Travel Notes.* 186pp. Cape. 21s.

Stanley G. Crawford's first novel, *Gascoyne*, traced the decline and fall of the financial empire ruled by a Gascoyne who lived in a battered old mansion which he drove throughout the book with hardly ever a pause for sleep or food. It was a delightfully absurd, zany, comic and witty book, and fantastic sometimes to the point of surrealism (one character had an octopus tentacle growing from his ear). It earned its author a small but enthusiastic band of admirers who have waited impatiently for his next work, and now Stanley Crawford (he has apparently dropped the middle G.) has given us his *Travel Notes*.

According to the blurb, the new novel "draws on the inventiveness of the subconscious to plot a man's voyage of self-discovery". Furthermore it "touches reflexes deep in the imagination, for the traveller is Everyman cherishing his dream of escape from the inescapable banality of familiar relationships and static environment". Presumably what the blurb-writer means is something like what Leslie Fiedler was talking about in a recent radio broadcast where he described *Moby Dick* as "in its mythological essences a Voyage, or, as we would put it these days, a Trip: a venture There and Back, temporarily out of this world, away from *terra firma* into worlds more fantastic. . . ."

Certainly *Travel Notes* is fantastic, even more than *Gascoyne* was, and certainly it moves far away from *terra firma*. The anonymous narrator travels through territory that cannot be identified with any country to be found in an atlas of the world. In the course of his adventures he meets some odd characters: the Painted Woman (sometimes his wife, sometimes a prostitute, sometimes painted in the sense that she looks like a painting, sometimes in the sense that she uses make-up); a cabinet minister who is assassinated with a cherry pie; a "linguist of sorts" who becomes the narrator's servant, then his *alter ego*, and then goes off with the narrator's wife; an elephant called Unable which suffers from acne and has dirty words scribbled in indelible ink over its underbelly; and so on.

Some of the surrealist images—such as the planes that are pushed, not flown, work quite well. Others, like the telephone made of chocolate, seem a little too easy. As with the plasticene porters and newspaper taxis of the Beatles' "Lucy in the sky with diamonds", these juxtapositions seem rather too mechanical, what Dr. Johnson called "the most heterogeneous ideas . . . yoked by violence together". And though such images may work well in the brief space of a pop song—the Procol Harum's "A whiter shade of pale", for example—they do become rather tedious at the length of a novel. Mr. Crawford's invention may not flag, but the reader's stamina does.

THE RIGID IN HEART

MARGARET FORSTER: *The Travels of Maudie Tipstaff.* 251pp. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

In a recent interview Miss Forster explained that she knew her novels were third-class literature but she hoped they were good third-class literature. Leaving aside her first novel which is out of print and deserves to remain so, her work is indeed businesslike. She tells a story briskly and efficiently; and gives both characters and situations enough imaginative plausibility to carry the plot smoothly along to its conclusion. Unfortunately, efficiency is achieved at the expense of feeling: in *The Bogeyman*, her most unsympathetic novel, the verve with which Miss Forster described the violent disintegration of a suburban family was little short of ghoulish. Lack of sympathy easily leads to excessive control, and although the plot of this latest novel is somewhat transparent, the heroine does just manage to maintain her independence in the face of its crude symmetries.

The story is simple. Maudie Tipstaff, now in her sixties, has been left by her no-good husband and sets off to spend four months in turn with each of her grown-up children. She has barely been out of Scotland before, and everything she sees in the course of her sojourns in London, rural Yorkshire and finally on a bare island off Malta disgusts her. The point of the story is equally simple. Maudie is a tough old biddy with rigid views and a rigid heart who disapproves of almost everything that could give anyone any pleasure and most of all disapproves of emotion. The lesson she learns in the course of the novel (though she forgets it quite quickly) is that this is why she herself has had so little pleasure and why her children are such a disappointment.

Maudie's resemblance to all the other indomitable British old ladies with their rebarbative exteriors and hearts of gold is unmistakable. But the cliché is skilfully elaborated; and Maudie becomes an autonomous character capable on occasion of quite unexpected observations and behaviour. Her terse reflections on the shortcomings of her eldest daughter (which are very like her own) tactfully reveal both Maudie's perspicacity and the unhappiness that might lie behind the presbyterian exteriors. Miss Forster has a unique ability to fill out a stereotype. Maudie's three children—Jean, a repressed housewife, Sally, a happy-go-lucky slut with six messy brats, and Robert, a neat bohemian—are in varying degrees recognizable character types, clearly and accurately portrayed. It is the same with the settings, and their familiarity is not at all unpleasant. Margaret Forster is a cool and measured writer untroubled by her own limitations; and of her four novels, *The Travels of Maudie Tipstaff* is the most predictable but also the most amiable.

TRYING TO BE JEWISH

MARTIN YOSELOFF: *A Time to be Young.* 281pp. Yoseloff. Distributed by W. H. Allen. 25s.

CHARLES ELLIOTT: *The Minority Man.* 214pp. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

CHAIM POTOK: *The Chosen.* 284pp. Heinemann. 30s.

Three more novels to add in one way or another to the growing literature of Jewish self-exploration and self-definition, personal and national. *A Time to be Young* is a dreary account of growing up in suburban New York. Murray Ziegler's adolescence and young manhood are followed minutely in a curiously remote narrative, which leads him through the usual Greenwich Village rebellions, girls' beds and identity problems, to a final depressingly conformist marriage to a nice Jewish girl back at the old home synagogue. Presumably it is an attempt to show the struggles of a circumscribed being to get off the environmental hook; but its final failure to do so is neither deplored nor justified in any convincing way. There is a certain amount of unobtrusive irony, but suburban American life is finally unjustifiably vindicated; it is a pointless, lowering exercise.

From the disoriented immigrant misery of suburban New York to another kind of desert: from cosmopolitan all-American conformity to the quicksands of Zionist fanaticism in the Middle East after the Second World War. *The Minority* Man is set in Libya, where Bremner, a remote, aloof British political officer, is trying to keep an uneasy peace between Arab and Jew. Committed to nothing except the quiet life, he becomes involved in the Jewish cause through his attachment to a Jewish girl welfare worker. Because he is a gentile he can never be totally committed to the cause as can his rival for the girl, a Jewish medical officer. For Bremner only personal involvement counts for anything, and for this reason betrayal follows. Ironically he is the minority man. There is some good tense writing, but Mr. Elliott has not solved the problem of reconciling a first-person narration with the necessity for the omniscient author. The physical background is grittily present throughout: the author has a real feeling for the terrain and the people who inhabit it. But the love scenes are unattractively handmaded.

By far the most distinguished of the three, and that in a totally unexpected and unfashionable way, is *The Chosen*. We are back in New York, this time during and just after the last war. But instead of the search for a new identity amid the slipping faith and lax observance of Murray Ziegler's suburbia there is the fanaticism of the far-out Hasidic sect, which has survived almost unchanged since its establishment in eighteenth-century Poland. It is the story of a friendship between two boys: Reuven, the son of a kindly Orthodox Zionist teacher, and the brilliant Danny, whose father is a fiercely fanatical Hasidic rabbi, whose only verbal contact with his son (according to a traditional Hasidic method of upbringing) is during their Talmudic discussions. The differing claims of their backgrounds upon the boys, the difficulties of a friendship between two orthodoxies, and Danny's fight for release from his inherited role as his father's successor is told within the tight context of total religious belief: the author is himself a rabbi.

Both boys are serious scholars, brilliant and devout, devoted to their basic faith and to their families in a way which makes any rebellion hideously painful. Nothing could be farther from the freedom of Greenwich Village than Danny's anguished struggle to escape from choking orthodoxy without breaking his father's heart. The immediate concerns of the book are totally unfashionable: but the boys' intellectual voracity for symbolic logic, Freud and Talmud are made to seem far more relevant and exciting than anything in Charles Elliott's Libya. The climax of the book, Rabbi Saunders's emotional agony for his son's soul, has a tragic poignancy and exhilaration.

GURU-HUNT

ETHEL MANNIN: *The Lady and the Mystic.* 256pp. Hutchinson. 25s.

Janice Prestyn is a sad, English widow with leanings towards mysticism. After the deaths of her daughter and husband, she travels to California, intending to sit at the feet of her chosen guru, Arnold Romaine, whose book *Mysticism and Meditation* has deeply impressed her. Seeking "an intensity of spiritual experience—and liberation . . ." to give meaning to an emotionally dehydrated life, she finds, instead, the fatal bondage of physical attraction to the aloof Romaine, and, finally, personal disintegration as a result of his refusal to intervene in her life.

Miss Mannin fails to express either the intensity of the search for spiritual experience, or the violence of the disastrous physical yearning. The women's magazine level of much of the writing ("... the grace of the tall narrow-hipped figure and the sensitivity of [his] lean intent face ...") deadens any serious attempt to explore the problems of contemplation and involvement. There are some acute descriptions of a certain kind of rich, Californian, middle-aged "resort" life, but the total effect—every sunset is "tremendous"—is distinctly traveloguish.

Michael Joseph

New books for September

GENERAL

C. S. FORESTER
Long Before Forty (30s)

LUIGI MENEGHELLO
The Outlaws (30s)
Translated by Raleigh Trevelyan

MICHAEL HASTINGS
The Handsomest Young Man in England: Rupert Brooke (50s)

EDWARD BLISHEN (*Editor*)
Come Reading (30s)
A BOOK OF PROSE FOR YOUNG READERS

E. S. TURNER
Taking the Cure (36s)
A Connoisseur Monograph

JAMES GILCHRIST
Anglican Church Plate (25s)

FICTION

H. E. BATES
The Distant Horns of Summer (25s)

ALAN SHARP
The Wind Shifts (30s)

ROBERT TROOP
The Hammering (30s)

ROBIN BROWN
A Forest is a Long Time Growing (25s)

JOHN BALL
The Cool Cottontail (25s)

ANTHONY McCALL
Operation Delta (25s)

THE WINE AND FOOD SOCIETY

RAYMOND OLIVER
The French at Table
(70s—*Before September 18—60s*)

PELHAM BOOKS

PEARS CYCLOPAEDIA
76th Edition edited by Mary Barker (21s)

JUNIOR PEARS ENCYCLOPAEDIA
7th Edition edited by Edward Blishen (18s)

MARION COAKES
Meet Stroller (21s)

DON TALBOT
Swimming to Win—for all Ages (30s)

LEWIS CAVE
Cave's Guide to Turf Culture (50s)

MICHAEL VOLIN *and* **NANCY PHELAN**
Growing up with Yoga (30s)

STANLEY FORTIN
The World Book of Pork Dishes (25s)

MARGARET SHELDON *and* **BARBARA LOCKWOOD**
Dogs and how to Show Them (25s)

Squadron Leader P. F. WILLIAMS, R.A.F.
Canoeing Skills and Canoe Expedition Technique for Teachers and Leaders (25s)

FATHER OF NUCLEAR CHEMISTRY

OTTO HAHN: *A Scientific Autobiography.* Translated and edited by Willy Ley. Introduction by Glenn T. Seaborg. 296pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 45s.

Otto Hahn, described by Glenn Seaborg as the father of radiochemistry and of its more recent offspring, nuclear chemistry, is most widely known for his discovery, together with Strassmann in 1938, of the fission by uranium of neutrons. This discovery was the key to the development of the atomic bomb and nuclear power.

Hahn wrote his scientific autobiography in 1962 when he was eighty-three years old. It has now been translated from the German by Willy Ley. At the age of twenty-five Hahn was fortunate in being advised to migrate from Marburg, where he obtained his doctorate in chemistry, to work with Sir William Ramsay, the co-discoverer of the rare gas Argon, at University College London. The year 1904 was the period of great discoveries in radioactivity by Mme. Curie and her colleagues, and by Rutherford and Soddy in McGill University. So Ramsay asked Hahn whether he would like to work on radium. Otto Hahn replied that he did not know anything about radium. Ramsay said this would do no harm —he would approach the work without preconceived ideas—and handed him a glass bowl containing about 100 grams of barium chloride and said that this contained some radium. Hahn used Mme. Curie's method for the separation of radium from barium and using a very simple electrometer was able to show that the barium contained not only radium but also a then unknown element, radio-thorium, which was a daughter product of thorium.

From University College Hahn moved in 1905 to McGill University to work with Rutherford, who was at first sceptical about Hahn's radio-thorium because of Ramsay's not always reliable work in his field. However, Rutherford was soon convinced of the correctness of Hahn's discovery and Hahn joined in the exciting task of unravelling the processes by which radium and thorium change from one element to another until stability is reached when they become varieties of lead. In the course of this work of scientific detection Hahn discovered radio-actinium and thorium C.

Hahn, who is the oldest living pupil of Rutherford during his Montreal days, enjoyed "the pleasant atmosphere and the professional spirit in Rutherford's laboratory". Rutherford had at that time only a few pupils so that he could devote time to each one of them almost every day. The instruments used were made from tobacco-tin or coffee tins mounted on large home-made sheet iron cans. Two strips of thin metal foil, insulated by a bead of sulphur, were suspended inside this primitive electroscope. The foils were electrically charged by rubbing an insulating rod on the experimenter's sleeve. The effect of radiation was to discharge the electricity so that the foils moved towards each other. This simple device was still in use in the Cavendish Laboratory twenty years later.

From Montreal Hahn returned to Germany to work in Fischer's Chemical Institute in the University of Berlin, and occupied a wood-shop in the basement. He there discovered meso-thorium, the mother substance of radio-thorium, and meso-thorium was subsequently developed commercially as a substitute for radium in medical practice.

During this period Hahn was joined by Lise Meitner. Lise Meitner was not allowed to work in the laboratories where male students were working, but she *was*, as a great concession, allowed to work in the wood-shop. They did not take any precautions against radiation damage and Hahn was fortunate in experiencing only some superficial damage to the fingers of one hand. This skin damage was a fairly common experience of radiation workers of these times. Radio-thorium became an important scientific tool producing through its decay products a source of α particles for nuclear experiments. They also became important in Hevesy's pioneer work on radioactive tracers for the study of biological and physical processes.

The next most important period of Hahn's career opened after Chadwick's discovery of the neutron in 1932 and Fermi's use of neutrons to produce artificial radioactivity in a wide variety of elements, and especially in uranium.

A number of apparently new radioactive isotopes were formed by the bombardment of uranium with neutrons and at first they were thought by many scientists working on the phenomena to be elements heavier than uranium. Hahn says that "it took four years to explain what actually took place, and the ideas of Lise Meitner, Fritz Strassmann and Hahn all turned out to be wrong". They were not alone in this. The splitting or fission of uranium into two fragments "seemed to be outside the range of any reasonable discussion". However, the chemical study of the so-called transuranium elements suggested that some of the products were really barium and lanthanum. They reported that "this evidence violates all previous experience in the field of nuclear physics". This report, communicated verbally to Lise Meitner and Otto Frisch—now in Copenhagen—at last opened the eyes of physicists and it was seen and proved that uranium could split into two fragments such as barium and krypton. The astounding news was at once transmitted to Niels Bohr who in turn communicated it to a meeting of the American Physical Society in January, 1939. American physicists at once rushed to their laboratories and confirmed the production of fission. It was soon appreciated and proved that several neutrons would be emitted in the fission process so that the possibility of a nuclear chain reaction was foreseen and S. Flügge, a worker in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, published a paper "Can the Energy Content of Atomic Nuclei be Utilized in Technology?" This together with parallel publication in France no doubt led to the formation of the German wartime Atomic Energy project.

During the period 1933-39 the Nazis made great difficulties for Jewish scientists, and Lise Meitner was fortunate in escaping to Holland. Hahn describes the Ministerial objection to the memorial service to Fritz Haber—the great chemist who had done so much for the German effort in the First World War. Hahn saw that "this showed that during the early years of the Hitler regime some resistance—minor to be sure—was still possible. At a somewhat later date no such possibility remained." However, Hahn was throughout these years a consistent opponent of the Nazis as we knew from his visits to Cambridge.

During the 1939-45 war Hahn worked mainly on the properties of the numerous products of fission, discovering about 100 radio isotopes of twenty-five different elements. All these results were published during the war. When the United States-United Kingdom-Canadian results were published in November, 1946, about 170 radio isotopes of thirty-six different elements were described. Hahn's contributions were comparable in spite of his relatively weak neutron sources.

Hahn does not say anything about the German war-time effort to make a heavy water moderated atomic pile. This has been fully described elsewhere and Hahn's only contribution would have been his work on the fission products. One of Hahn's colleagues independently discovered neptunium—which decays into plutonium—first found by the Berkeley group.

Hahn records that on April 24th 1945, a small detachment of American and British soldiers accompanied by a tank appeared in Tailfingen, Wurtemburg, where Hahn had moved after the bombing of his home. Hahn was "invited" to go along with them and was joined by Max von Laue, Heisenberg, von Weizsäcker and Gerlach and conveyed to a beautiful country house "near Farmbridge. Hahn says that the distinguished company was "very well treated", though their conversations were recorded, and showed that the Germans were astonished by the news of the atomic bomb explosion over Nagasaki and Hiroshima. They had not apparently believed that the explosive chain reaction could be achieved and had worked only with a controlled chain reaction in heavy water; the "boiler" of the Anglo-French-Canadian project.

Hahn was deeply distressed by the atomic bomb explosion for which he felt a personal responsibility. It was the war he became a convinced opponent of atomic weapons.

He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1945 and was President of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society soon to be transmuted into the Max Planck Society. Hahn considered that it was a lucky accident that he could contribute to the rehabilitation of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society and the development of its successor. For this, German science owes him a great debt.

MIRROR IMAGES

MARTIN GARDNER: *The Ambidextrous Universe.* 272pp. Allen Lane: The Penguin Press. 42s.

The question that Mr. Gardner's title is meant to provoke is the sceptical one, "Is it?", and his answer is that it isn't. Though he treats his subject lightly, and in a manner that any intelligent reader should be able to grasp, it is one of the most abstruse in philosophy and science. It is the question whether any absolute meaning can be given to the terms left and right in the universe: and this is bound up with the question whether space has ultimate existence in its own right rather than as a mere relationship between objects.

The basis of all such discussions is the mirror image, or enantiomorph. A right hand reflected in a mirror looks exactly like the left hand on the body. In fact every asymmetric solid figure has a mirror image exactly like it except that, in Mr. Gardner's words, it goes the other way. It was Kant, in his 1768 paper, *On the First Ground of the Distinction of Regions in Space*, who first drew out the significance of enantiomorphs. He asked his readers to imagine the universe empty save for a single human hand, and argued that as there are no intrinsic differences between enantiomorphic objects we have no reason for calling it a left hand or a right hand. But suppose that a human body complete except for both hands suddenly materialized near the hand. It would fit only one wrist, say the left, and therefore it must have been a left hand even before the body appeared. Kant found in this experiment of the imagination proof of Newton's belief in absolute space.

In recent years the subject has again come into the forefront by reason of the concept of parity in quantum physics. Each of the wave functions describing the elementary particles has three space coordinates, and if a change in the sign of one (or all three) coordinate numbers leaves the function unaltered it is said to have even parity, and is assigned the quantum number +1. If it is space-inverted (that is, mirror-reflected) by a change in the sign of one (or all three) coordinate numbers it is said to have odd parity, and is assigned the quantum number −1. Until a few years ago it appeared that in all atomic and sub-atomic experiments parity was conserved, that is, after all the changes the total parity of the system was the same at the end as it was at the beginning. It is a complicated matter involving abstruse mathematical formulas, but what it means in practice is that nature has no preference for left or right; and the conservation of parity began to appear, like the conservation of mass-energy, as one of the great laws of nature. Then was the position until 1956 when two American students of Chinese birth, Chen Ning Yang and Tsung Dao Lee, wrote a now classic paper (for which they later divided a Nobel prize) showing that in "weak interactions" parity was not conserved. Madame Chien-Shiung Wu confirmed their findings in some elegant experiments with an isotope of cobalt, showing that near absolute zero electrons were not shot out indiscriminately but in favoured directions. Modern physicists work in such a rarefied atmosphere that the significance may not be appreciated by the layman, but the news travelled from laboratory to laboratory almost with the speed of light. Dr. O. R. Frisch received a letter saying: "Here in Princeton they talk about nothing else; they say it is the most important result since the Michelson experiment."

With regard to this evaluation some caution ought still to be observed. There are, according to current theory, four "forces" (to use an old-fashioned term) at work in the universe, and so far as is known it is only in "weak interactions" that parity is not conserved: in nuclear, electromagnetic and gravitational interactions the reign of parity has not yet been challenged. There may be revisions of view, but what is beyond dispute is that these developments have enabled Mr. Gardner to write a book of absorbing interest. He follows Alice "through the looking glass" and explains the paradoxes of mirror-images; he studies the preferences, or lack of preferences, for left and right from crystals to galaxies; he combs literature for allusions to the subject and makes some remarkable discoveries; he shows how Kant might have come to a different conclusion if he had not limited himself to a space of three dimensions; and he examines the significance of the fall of parity for the strange world of anti-matter that now engages so much scientific attention. For those who like a really difficult chase with a great prize to be won, this is as exciting as a detective thriller.

INTO ORBIT

ARTHUR C. CLARKE: *The Coming of the Space Age.* 301pp. Gollancz. 30s.

Although most of the vast literature of astronautics is entirely technical, the rest is often of great interest to the ordinary reader; but much of it is not generally available to him. Arthur Clarke has used his long experience to select the best of these writings in a new anthology of space travel. There are six sections, the first and longest of which covers the early history and present growth of the subject. It contains dramatic eye-witness accounts of the launchings of the first V-2 and the first Vanguard, and illustrates the development of rocketry from the writings of early pioneers, from official documents—and even from the first discouraging criticisms of newspaper editors and government departments. It is an astonishing story, rounded off by an up-to-date assessment of modern "programs", as they are called, in the United States and the Soviet Union.

The other sections range widely—from the uses of artificial satellites to the possibility of much longer journeys to the planets and beyond; from the effects of relativity and the peculiarities of time to the outcome of athletic contests on the moon; from poking fun at "flying saucers" to the poetry of space travel and speculation about the effect of man's religious ideas on those of some more enlightened species, if ever we come to communicate with them.

Wisely Mr. Clarke gives no illustrations: these can give, at best, some slight impression of the technical aspects of the subject, and when astronaut John Glenn talks back to earth, his words "Man, this is beautiful" convey more than any black-and-white picture could. It would, perhaps, have been an advantage if each extract had been dated; it is a little disconcerting to find that a recent article on the complexities of the Martian calendar follows immediately after Percival Lowell's mistakenly enthusiastic ideas about the Martians, dated 1896. But this is a minor criticism of a well designed anthology.

WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

T. C. LETHBRIDGE: *A Step in the Dark.* 161pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 28s.

Mr. Lethbridge's direct observations are of interest and value. His comments, like good table-talk, are lively, wide-ranging, imprecise and entertaining. In fact his new volume is as easy to read, as muddled, as maddening and as full of stimulating incidental sidelights as any of its predecessors. The general confusion is all the more irritating because so much of it is the result of his constant, complacent refusal to read any other contributions to his chosen field than the work of Dunne, published some thirty years ago now. If he had not insulated himself from the knowledge of later research and discussion he would, of course, have had the inconvenience of choosing another title for his book, since though very much is still obscure about both extra-sensory perception and dowsing, light is beginning to be thrown on certain aspects of both. But he would also have come upon the explanation of some of his enigmas.

For instance, experiments with migrating birds carried out in a planetarium have shown conclusively that certain species at any rate navigate by the position of the stars rather than by following any such mysterious beam as he postulates. On the other hand Lorus and Margery Milne, among others, examining the behaviour of mammals, fish, molluscs and insects, have demonstrated their susceptibility not only to colours and sounds far beyond the human range of awareness, but also to magnetic fields and to electrical currents of varying frequencies. His suggestion that the different "rates" and movements of the dowser's pendulum may be "simply a code by which one level of one's individual mind can communicate with another level" (the unconscious with the conscious self in fact), though perspicacious, is hardly new; it accounts, of course, for the strange mixture of information, personal associations, memories and fantasies which is transmitted.

To keep in touch with recent developments would however have inhibited some of Mr. Lethbridge's happy wanderings in the faery underworld of his imagination, a microcosm in which the assumption that "man is the measure of all things" is taken so literally that he contends that the use of inches (thumb-lengths), feet, and yards (stride lengths) is in harmony with the macrocosm or mastery, while centimetres are "an unnatural scale" (but perhaps French children are shorter than English ones?). These twilit deeps wasps are black and yellow for symbolic reasons, their colours are a warning, his "pendulum rate" for yellow is Shinto sumo as that for danger (and, by the way, for "femininity"), and his pendulum rate for black coincides with that for death. By a similar process of reasoning he concludes that a different figure is no more than about 12 million, the vast majority of that number now being party members. This severe curtailment is intended to downgrade the importance of adult political education, but rather to strengthen it: indeed, for those who wonder how the Soviet Communist Party, with a membership amounting to roughly only a twentieth of the entire population, makes its writ run so smoothly over the whole vast territory, the existence of this system provides a large part of the answer.

Mrs. Mickiewicz, who is a lecturer in political science at Yale University, has delved thoroughly into the appropriate sources, from *Pravda* to *Partiinaya Zhizn*, and has produced a careful analysis of the structure of the system, in all its changing aspects. Her style is not a very inspiring one and she is sometimes dry to the point of desiccation. It is admittedly difficult to be enlivening with such a theme. This defect could perhaps have been overcome if she had concentrated less on purely organizational details and devoted more space to the subject-matter of adult political instruction lectures. It would be interesting to know, for example, how the Soviet Government's handling of a crisis like the Cuban confrontation was explained and justified to the rank and file through these channels. As it is, *Soviet Political Schools* must be seen as a useful but limited footnote to the much wider theme of how the Soviet Communist Party manipulates the principles of Marxism-Leninism to secure the active support of the broad mass of the population in the task of "building communism".

KEEPING POLAND ON THE MAP

ADAM BROMKE: *Poland's Politics: Idealism vs. Realism.* 316pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4.

The meaning of Polish politics in the present century and a half may be found, according to Professor Bromke, in the contrary traditions of realism and idealism. (Professor Bromke also uses the terms positivism and romanticism as if these were synonymous with realism and idealism.) All Poles were agreed that an independent Poland would have to be created. Some sought this resurrection by armed uprisings as in 1830, 1863 and 1944, while others hoped to guide the nation on the road to independence by a policy of cooperation with the occupying power or powers. This meant in the nineteenth century as it does today cooperation with Russia. Present-day Poland shows indeed the most extreme form of realism in the dissident Catholic movement of the ex-Fascist Boleslaw Piasecki. "We are against America", proclaimed one of his lieutenants, "because we think she is going to be defeated in the coming struggle. We are for Russia because we believe she is going to win. As Polish nationalists we choose our place in the camp which, in our opinion, must ultimately be victorious." In 1957 Mr. Piasecki cried out: "We cannot remain passive when the [Communist] party is paralysed by internal friction. . . . The party must rejuvenate itself to perform its leading role."

While the tradition of realism is pro-Russian, recognizing the power of Russia to shape the destiny of Poland, the tradition of idealism is pro-Western and hence anti-Russian. In the nineteenth century the romantics hoped to re-establish the Polish Republic with the aid of the west. After all, Napoleon had recreated Poland in the form of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. In 1944 the Polish government in exile, conscious though it was that the support of the west was fast slipping away, still expressed the hope that the United States and Britain would take an active part in the reorganization of Europe. Pilsudski, with more originality than either his predecessors or successors, looked for salvation to the international socialist movement and in 1905 to Japan.

In the period between the two world wars idealism was at a premium. The Polish Republic had been resurrected by the effort of Polish soldiers and western aid. The frontiers of Poland in the east had been fixed not by the peacemakers in Paris but by the Polish sword. It was sometimes overlooked that this resurrection had only become possible because of the simultaneous defeat of all three partitioning powers. In 1938 the Polish ambassador to France wrote that the fate of Europe depended on the policies of Poland "no less than on those of the other great powers".

Such an interpretation of Polish history, brilliant and instructive though it may be, carries with it a measure of unreality. The terms realism and romanticism belong properly to literature: positivism and idealism to philosophy. Professor Bromke's analysis itself proves their inapplicability to politics. He is himself a realist, but one who tempers his realism with a grain of idealism. His views come nearest to those of Stanislaw Stomma, one of the major theorists of the Catholic Znak group. Mr. Stomma has said that realism "does not discard idealistic objectives, but strives to promote them so far as historical conditions permit". In the final chapter of the book, subtitled "The Synthesis", Professor Bromke quotes a physiologist to the effect that in a human body as in a nation hardly any strong tendency continues to the stage of disaster. Before the extreme is reached corrective forces arise which check the tendency. However, a number of nations, including one of Poland's neighbours, do not seem to possess such a built-in mechanism preventing them from disaster. Professor Bromke writes:

> The shifts from romanticism to positivism take place automatically mainly because when pushed to the extreme both programmes are self-defeating. Political idealism which, in order to advance national independence, submits a nation to the peril of biological extinction, and political realism which, in order to promote national survival, exposes a nation to the danger of losing its identity—both of these contradict their own goals. Thus, whenever the exponents of romanticism or positivism go too far in their respective directions, they become subjected to an automatic penalty. The people simply refuse to follow their lead.

Having said all this, one wonders what all the fuss was about as the difference between the two seems hardly to exist. Professor Bromke admits that "the discrepancy between them . . . is considerably narrowed".

The policy of realism pursued by the Margrave Alexander Wielopolski in the last century, or that of Roman Dmowski in the two decades before the First World War, bore remarkably little fruit. Only in the Austrian provinces of Poland was it successful—an example which Professor Bromke does not use. In the First World War it was the policy of idealism that triumphed. In the Second World War the Polish exile government also followed the tradition of idealism. But till the German invasion of Russia it was not in a position to make a choice. The Soviets had together with the Germans put an end to Polish independence. In the forests of Katyn they had murdered several thousand Polish officers. Even the Polish Communist Party was not safe from the anger of Stalin. In 1938 it was dissolved and its leaders were shot. In 1942 and 1943 the Poles could still reasonably hope that the western powers would play some part in deciding the destiny of Poland. Their fellow exiles in London, the Czechoslovaks, warned them of the dangers of not accepting reality and themselves pointed the way of realism in the treaty that Beneš negotiated in Moscow in 1943. This did not prevent the extinction of Czechoslovak parliamentary democracy five years later.

Professor Bromke does not really explain why the Poles now seem to be following in the tradition of realism. During the elections of January, 1957, Gomułka warned the Polish people that to turn against the candidates of the Communist Party was tantamount to "ensuring Poland from the map of Europe". In the ten years since then the situation has changed. Gomułka is himself a realist in his relations with the Church and the peasants. In his relations with the Soviet Union he has conducted his policies with a mixture of realism and Marxism. But then Marxism belongs to the tradition of idealism or romanticism. Marx and Engels were always on the side of Polish freedom, even if it had to be won by insurrectionary means.

Although Professor Bromke is very confused and confusing about the terms which he uses so often in his book, *Poland's Politics* is a fascinating study full of valuable and unusual information. It is a pity that he does not deal with the Church, though he deals with groups which stand in alliance to it. Yet the Catholic Church, both inside Poland and outside it, is an exponent of the tradition of realism.

ABC OF MARXISM-LENINISM

ELEN PROPPER MICKIEWICZ: *Soviet Political Schools.* The Communist Party Adult Instruction System. 190pp. Yale University Press. £2 8s.

The organization of an adult political instruction system in the Soviet Union goes back to the early 1920s. Since then it has been regarded as a mainstay of the regime, both as a means of inculcating the basic principles of Marxism-Leninism in students of all ages whose general education has frequently not progressed beyond primary levels, and also as a method of persuading the broad masses of the population to join in the fulfilment of Communist Party resolutions and decisions.

As a system it has had its ups and downs. In the Stalin period the emphasis was on a cut-and-dried, dogmatic reiteration of the party line, and any attempt at individual initiative was severely discouraged. Khrushchev adopted a more pragmatic approach and cast a far wider net—by the latter part of 1964, just before his removal from power, the enrolment in adult education courses of all types, from the so-called Evening Universities of Marxism-Leninism to the seminars and study circles operating within particular industrial enterprises and collectives, had reached the staggering total of 36 million, four-fifths of the students being non-party members. Since then there has been a drastic retrenchment. The successors to Khrushchev clearly feel that quality should come before quantity, and it is estimated that the present enrolment figure is no more than about 12 million, the vast majority of that number now being party members. This severe curtailment is intended not to downgrade the importance of adult political education, but rather to strengthen it: indeed, for those who wonder how the Soviet Communist Party, with a membership amounting to roughly only a twentieth of the entire population, makes its writ run so smoothly over the whole vast territory, the existence of this system provides a large part of the answer.

Mrs. Mickiewicz, who is a lecturer in political science at Yale University, has delved thoroughly into the appropriate sources, from *Pravda* to *Partiinaya Zhizn*, and has produced a careful analysis of the structure of the system, in all its changing aspects. Her style is not a very inspiring one and she is sometimes dry to the point of desiccation. It is admittedly difficult to be enlivening with such a theme. This defect could perhaps have been overcome if she had concentrated less on purely organizational details and devoted more space to the subject-matter of adult political instruction lectures. It would be interesting to know, for example, how the Soviet Government's handling of a crisis like the Cuban confrontation was explained and justified to the rank and file through these channels. As it is, *Soviet Political Schools* must be seen as a useful but limited footnote to the much wider theme of how the Soviet Communist Party manipulates the principles of Marxism-Leninism to secure the active support of the broad mass of the population in the task of "building communism".

RUSSIA AT VERSAILLES

JOHN M. THOMPSON: *Russia, Bolshevism, and the Versailles Peace.* 429pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4 12s.

At the conference tables at Paris in 1919 Russia was the uninvited guest, whose absence constantly made itself felt. A review of the changing and varied attitudes of the peace conference to Russia is an attractive subject. The documentation of the conference is already vast, and there is still more to come. The main novelties in Mr. Thompson's bibliography are unpublished memoirs and papers of American participants and observers, and of several leading émigré Russians, who played their ineffectual roles in the corridors of diplomacy.

It cannot be said that these items add much to the already familiar picture. Nobody, with the recent betrayal of the Allied cause in mind, could compromise himself by professing any sympathy for the Bolsheviks. Wilson combined a debate for any kind of active intervention with a legalistic insistence on non-recognition of anything that implied the break-up of the old Russian Empire. The French would never give up their minds whether they wanted a restoration of the Russian Empire or a *cordon sanitaire* of lesser states between Russia and Germany. Lloyd George recognized the futility of intervention, and struggled in vain to extricate from it. The Russian generals and their counterparts in Paris refused to recognize facts, and quarrelled with one another. Unfortunately Mr. Thompson, an irreproachable expositor of facts, does not carry his analysis very far. The story, he remarks, is one "of confusion, frustration and failure"; and there on the whole he is content to leave it. There is still room for a study which would attempt to assess the whole problem of the relations of the west to the Russian revolution in the light of the failure of the peace conference to confront it as a significant phenomenon. Of the figures who flit across these pages, two stand out—from their sharply opposed points of view—as men of stature and understanding. Herbert Hoover discovered that the way to stem the tide of Bolshevism was by channelling the vast material resources of the United States into aid for those who might otherwise be engulfed, at the same time helping to solve the characteristic American problem of over-production: a discovery which provided a beacon for American foreign policy for many decades to come. Lloyd George, almost alone, had a fleeting vision of the durability and significance of the Russian revolution as an historical event with which it was necessary to come to terms, but lacked the strength or the courage to impose unpopular courses on others. Wilson had his own peculiar picture of the world, and stubbornly fitted recalcitrant facts into it—a path that led to near lunacy. The rest did not see beyond the ends of their noses.

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CANADA'S TWO CULTURES

ANGLOPHONES AND FRANCOPHONES

IT IS ONLY A FEW weeks ago (although it seems much longer now) that Mr. Mordecai Richler noted, rather than lamented, the intense sense of boredom which overcomes people who are asked to contemplate Canada. South of the border, in the United States, "our friendly northern neighbour" is known to exist, but not much more than that. During the Second World War it was discovered that about two-thirds of the American public believed that Canada paid tribute to Great Britain and, odder still, more than half of the inhabitants of Detroit believed this, although one can get from central Detroit to Windsor, Ontario, in not much more time than it takes to get from Saint Paul's to the Elephant and Castle.

Canadians coming to England, especially the Rhodes scholars, have long lamented this situation. Australians are not so victimized by being ignored. There is some interest in Strine; there is a well-known Australian Concession in London; an Australian is the hero of a *Private Eye* comic strip. But the Canadians are the Mounties or nothing. Most often it is nothing.

* * *

In normal circumstances, numerous readers in the United States and in Britain would have turned to *O Canada*, the new book by Mr. Edmund Wilson, not for the light it casts on Canada but for the light it casts on a much more interesting phenomenon, Mr. Edmund Wilson. Anything he chooses to write is intrinsically—for the intelligentsia anyway—worthy of study, more worthy than Canada. The General has changed all that.

Mr. Wilson's book is not only valuable and surprisingly topical. It is also a representative part of his general *oeuvre*. In *Patriotic Gore*, a book not as bad as its title suggests, Mr. Wilson defended the cause of the South against the overweening power of the Federal Union. He has defended himself against the intrusions of the Federal Bureau of Internal Revenue in terms which cause a British writer envy, since our Inland Revenue would not have allowed Mr. Wilson to fight the income tax so long as the American Government did. In general, Mr. Wilson's studies of the South, as of the Iroquois, suggest his interest in rebels against the uniformity of the modern world, a uniformity imposed mainly by the United States. And it was in some such spirit that Mr. Wilson began to study, with his usual industry and acuteness, the culture of Canada.

The case of Canada is a very odd one. It has two mother cultures: English (or Scottish) and French. Has it a common culture? Is there such a thing, except in a formal legal sense, as Canada? It is 200 years since that much overrated Frenchman Crèvecoeur asked, "What is this new man, the American?" He answered it more or less well. But while the Americans south of the border are asking, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?", or some non-theological version of this famous question, the citizens of Canada are asking a much narrower, possibly less answerable, question, "What is Canada?"

* * *

Quite rightly Mr. Wilson concentrates on the cultural conflict. He quotes Lord Durham discussing the existence together of two nations and two societies in one state. Can they go on living together? At first one is inclined to give the comforting answer of Mr. Dooley about the incidence of divorce among the Irish of Chicago: "In the Archey Road when a husband and wife find they can't go on living together, they go on living together". And perhaps up to a few years ago this was an adequate answer for Canada.

It is no longer an adequate answer. The General's visit and his remarkably misguided speeches have not created the problem: they have simply highlighted it. If General de Gaulle says there is a problem, there *is* a problem, even if one can assume there would have been no problem if he had not said it. But in fact there was a problem, and there is a problem which the General may have exacerbated, but which he did not create. Edmund Wilson is obviously more attracted by the culture and even by the pretensions of French Canada being English or, indeed, from being British. The old antithesis between the loyalists of Toronto and the quasi-rebels of Montreal has little meaning today in Winnipeg or in Vancouver. We have learnt that the "old-fashioned loyalty" of Ontario to the Crown is not what it was. We have learnt, and learn again from Mr. Wilson's book, how a possibly growing proportion of the Canadian population would settle for that

At the sale

Old beds, old chairs, old mattresses, old books,
old pictures of coiffed women, hatted men,
ministers with clamped lips and flowing beards,
a Duke in his Highland den.
And scattered among these, old copper fire-guards,
stone water-bottles, stoves, and shepherds' crooks.

How much goes out of fashion and how soon!
The double-columned leather-covered tomes
recall those praying Covenanters, still
adamant against Rome's
adamant empire. Every article
is soaked in time and sweat and rust. What tune

warbled from that phonograph? Who played
that gap-toothed dumb piano? Who once moved
with that white chamber pot through an ancient room?
And who was it that loved
to see her own reflection in the gloom
of that webbed mirror? And who was it that prayed

holding that Bible in her fading hands?
The auctioneer's quick eyes sweep on a glance,
a half-second movement. In the inner ring
a boy in serious stance
holds up a fan, a piece of curtaining.
an hour glass with its trickle of old sand.

We walk around and find an old machine.
On one side pump, on another turn a wheel.
But nothing happens. What's this object for?
Imagine how we will
endlessly pump and turn for forty years
and then receive a pension, smart and clean

climbing a dais to such loud applause
as shakes the hall for tolling without fail
at this strange nameless gadget, pumping, turning,
each day oiling the wheel
with zeal and eagerness and freshness burning
in a happy country of anonymous laws

while the ghostly hands are clapping and the chairs
grow older as we look, the pictures fade,
the stone is changed to rubber, and the wheel
elaborates its rayed
brilliance and complexity, and we feel
the spade become a scoop, cropping the grass,

and the flesh itself becomes unnecessary.
O hold me, love, in this appalling place
Let your hand stay me by this mattress hero
and this tall ruined glass,
by this dismembered radio, and this queer
machine that waits and has no history.

IAIN CRICHTON SMITH

than of English Canada, and in this he is right. The *Canadiens* are a more identifiable body than are the English Canadians. For one thing the English Canadians are simply, as the French has it, *les Anglophones*. But a great many of the Anglophones are not of English origin. It is not unimportant that a great many are of Scotch origin... For the Scotch imprint on Canada, if not as great as Mr. Wilson thinks, is yet very great.

Some of the more profitable virtues and some of the less attractive habits of the Canadians come from this Caledonian impact. But a great many English-speakers in Canada are of German origin, like the ex-Prime Minister Mr. Diefenbaker. A great many descend from eastern European "—" Slav "—origins in the prairie provinces. A good many are of American or Yankee origin, like Clarence Decatur Howe. A great many are of Irish origin. So, whereas the *Canadiens* are an identifiable group—identifiable by language and, for the most part, by ancestry—the English-speaking Canadians are very far from

EDMUND WILSON: *O Canada*. An American's Notes on Canadian Culture. 245pp. Hart-Davis. 36s.

Because this adjustment is sociologically and politically so important, Mr. Wilson does not exaggerate the literary merits of the *Canadien* novelists. He reports it, but he gives them more attention than one would give, for example, to regional novels from the Auvergne or Lorraine.

With characteristic candour, Mr. Wilson tells us of his allergy to a great deal of the poetry written by French Canadians because he can no more bear imitation Claudel or genuine Claudel than he can bear William Carlos Williams. And it may be suspected that Mr. Wilson, beginning to study French Canada as a cultural unit, became fascinated with it as a social unit.

* * *

The hero on the *Canadien* side is Archbishop Charbonneau of Montreal who was sent into exile under Pope Pius XII. The more liberal world that came into the Roman Church with Pope John XXIII and is represented in Canada by Cardinal Léger has meant that the clash between the old world and the new is modified. Quite rightly, Mr. Wilson concentrates on that rebellious brother, *le Frère Untel*. It is a sign of the times when a teaching brother can be the leader of a rebellion against the identification of church and state. Untel is a kind of Lamennais, *mutatis mutandis*; but Cardinal Léger is a much more enlightened prelate than Monseigneur de Quélen. It is in the context of this social adjustment that one reads about the various French Canadian novelists, whether they are writing about *maisons seigneuriales* or about the grimness of life in the *basse ville* of Quebec. But with all the will in the world, it is hard to believe one would want to read these novels if one were not deeply interested in the Canadian problem.

Something of the same feeling overcomes the reader when he has to contemplate the writers in English to whom Mr. Wilson calls our attention. With the exception of Morley Callaghan, they are more interesting as sociological reporters than as writers. Had we but world enough and time, no doubt we should read Mr. MacLennan and the others, but normally speaking we have the time to read neither them nor even any of the great symbolic novelists of Australia. There is, in fact, a strong resemblance between the Canadian novels written by people of Scottish origin and the Scottish novels written by people who have stayed behind in Scotland.

But in the course of his literary investigations Mr. Wilson, who, after all, has always been deeply engaged in politics in the best sense of the term, has a great deal to say. He can see the merits, such as they were, of Duplessis, the tyrant of Quebec—and one might suggest that Duplessis was simply a *Canadien* version of Huey Long, although a less interesting character than the dictator of Louisiana.

* * *

But Mr. Wilson has not done his historical homework quite adequately. For example, when he is discussing the number of *Canadiens* who have Scotch names, he does not seem to realize that many of these are descendants of Highland Catholic soldiers and Highland Catholic settlers who spoke no English and were much more at home in *Canadien* society than they were in the society of Protestant English-speaking British subjects. There are some examples of historical legends being accepted by Mr. Wilson. Are there any Huguenots among the French Canadians? There are what in Ireland, to amend a phrase, are called Castle Protestants, members of old French families which turned, no doubt for good religious reasons, into Protestants after the English conquest, but they are not Huguenot. Is there any reason to believe that there was any *French* migration into what became Manitoba? (There were, of course, soldiers from a *Suisse Romande* who settled on the Red River.)

Then Mr. Wilson is, innocent, complacent American. He is surprised that M. Duplessis could make himself Attorney General of his own cabinet. But this is surprising only if one assumes that the American cabinet system is one "of the laws of Nature and of Nature's God". In discussing the Protestant background of Ontario, Mr. Wilson underestimates the Irish Protestant (and merely Ulster) character of the Orange order. It may be historically relevant to recall the fact that the most vehement Orange orator in Ontario in the past century bore the ominous name of McCarthy. An account of French Canadian attitudes to the First World War which does not mention General Sam Hughes is little lacking in relevant detail. Maurice Barrès had more to say and more relevant things to say about the problem of Alsace-Lorraine than is said in *Colette Baudoche*. And it is true that French is treated in Canadian English schools as a "dead" subject, it should be noted that in some parts of the American Middle West French is the only foreign language which parents want their children to learn because, unlike Swedish or German or Italian, "it is not a peasants' language". It might also be noted that it is not only French Canada which cannot provide copy for its industrial development. English or Scotch Canada cannot, or does not, do it either.

General de Gaulle and Edmund Wilson between them may force a reconsideration of Canada "from sea to sea". But it is to be hoped that this reconsideration will be undertaken by the Francophone as well as by the Anglophone critics of this interesting, promising and unusual society.

Duckworth Books

SAN ANTONIO

is probably the most widely read author in France today. The 65 San Antonio stories which have appeared there since 1955 are the work of M. Frédéric Dard, an ex-journalist from Lyon; and the print order for each new one is now over 350,000 copies. So popular are the *romans gallices* with all classes of the community that they were made the subject of a special seminar at the Faculty of Letters of Bordeaux University in April, 1965.

Questioned about his work by his professors at this seminar, M. Dard acknowledged his debt in the early stages to Peter Cheyney; declared that the police and detective content of his stories was for him secondary to the comic element in them; revealed that he witnessed one in about three weeks on an electric type writer, to exactly the length that will let an ordinary reader a single train journey from Bordeaux to Paris; and vowed that he found as he himself is of women, he has no intention of ever allowing San Antonio to marry or age in any way.

The impenetrably thick Paris argot in which the San Antonio books are written is pure "essence of France" and has hitherto been regarded as untranslatable. M. Cyril Buhler has attack'd this task as a job with skill, patience and the occasional extravagance of vocabulary to give the stories an entirely new life of their own in the English tongue

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BRIEF CHRONICLES

It is easy to stand on a mountain of volumes, allegedly read, and sneer at little men on the nursery slopes of unexplored though they be, as they often do about on their abridgments, by impatient instructors who really have climbed the most formidable ranges. But how many, even among the learned, have read a large number of the biggest books from end to end? "Do you *read* books?" Dr. Johnson asked the astonished inquirer who wanted to know if he had actually read all the books that lined his study walls. In many private collections an uneven shading of blue calls how far the well-read owner has penetrated with Proust in the redistillery of time; and the number of Gibbon's complete works that have celebrated their hundredth birthday unread must be quite considerable.

But the claim to be well read cannot be sustained unless some long books have been read from cover to cover. One of the dangers of abridgments is that they will deter the attempt to tackle the major work by allowing the fatal tick "done" to be entered on a score-sheet. Reading an abridgment is not quite the same as dipping, skipping, or surrendering, in the presence of the complete work. One is depending on someone else: the general impact of the work as the author conceived it has at best to be enjoyed indirectly through an introduction. Being told about a mountain is not the same as seeing it, let alone climbing it. The human qualities of a Gibbon or a Guicciardini, devoting a lifetime to composition, and living literature as few live it today, have to be experienced.

Some works of great prolixity are beyond abridgment, even though they may also be beyond anyone's powers to read from end to end. An example is Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. But they are few, and the student, or even the scholar, who has read the whole of Gibbon, Guicciardini, Tacitus and Thucydides is no doubt unconscious. These are the first four authors to appear in a new series of abridgments, The Historian's Library, under the general editorship of Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper (Richard Cohen and Brown, £2 2s. each). The result is to say far has a distinctly Oxonian flavour: for though the series is originated in America the editors are all Oxford historians, and over two of the volumes brood the shades of Gibbon and of Church and Brodribb, whose translations of Thucydides and Tacitus have been employed.

None of the scholars working on this series has attempted compression as an end distinct from abridgment. Compression is, of course, more laborious and does greater violence to the original, since it attempts to squeeze in everything the compressor thinks relevant, even at the cost of omitting much that is interesting, and may involve actual paraphrasing. The Shorter Oxford Dictionary is perhaps the supreme example of successful compression. But the abridger here the spirit of his original by passing as much continuous matter as will fill three or four hundred pages. Guicciardini and Gibbon suffer most as a result, being reduced to something like a tenth of their bulk: barely more than a selection of extracts. Livius and Thucydides suffer less because their extant works are shorter. It would have been possible to go linearly the whole of Thucydides within the space allowed for Tacitus.

Within these limits it has been well done. Yet Gibbon says of his own reading that:

> all that I could find were greedily devoured, from Littlebury's lame version to the compound folios of Spelman's valuable Tacitus, and a ragged volume of the last century . . . many

crude lumps of Speed, Rapin, Mazeray, Davila, Machiavel, Father Paul, Bower, &c., I devoured like so many novels.

The real trouble about abridgment, however skilful, is that its spirit is the opposite of such enthusiasm. "Before I was sixteen, I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and the Persians, the Tartars and the Turks."

But times have changed, in that the most voracious reader could not today exhaust all that could be learned in English on even one of these topics. The capacity to compile information has outrun the ability to retrieve it. Some books, of course, are quite dead, or have only a flicker of life. Almost nobody reads Rapin or Procopius. But there is a more subtle deadness than this—the deadness of those authors who have become so great that they have been removed to a kind of literary other world. They are too famous to read. A kind of inhibition prevents their books being treated like the works of other men, and this inhibition is perhaps strengthened when the physical appearance of their book has the style of a former time.

Against this re-presentation can make some headway, and bring a further lease of life. But it will always be second best to the spirit that seizes a ragged Procopius of the last century and devours it. In that situation Procopius speaks in his habit as he lived, however prolix he may have been.

Letters to the Editor

SAINT AND SINNERS

Sir,—It appears the reviewer of the Spanish edition of my work *Tres novelas teresianas* (August 3) is not correctly acquainted with Spanish literary chronologies. He said that in the third of those novels there is an anachronism in connexion with the possible age of Lazarillo de Tormes. I do not think so. Teresa was born in 1515 and Lazarillo was supposed to have been born around 1545. When Teresa was fifty-five the famous picaro was neither older nor younger than thirty-five. The relation of ages is verosimilar, as you can see.

The reviewer attributes to the author the mental reactions of Felipe II. I do not complain, but I was never king of Spain, nor did I murder Monsieur de Montigny. To my knowledge, thus far I have never killed an aristocrat, nor a democrat, nor a democrat—nor even a Nazi, a Fascist or a Francoist—and my guilt feelings, if any, are only the ones attributed by modern moralists to persons who have been involved in war in a strictly impersonal way. That's all, sir.

Perhaps you will be so kind as to tell that to your readers.

RAMON J. SENDER.

3427 McClintock Avenue, Country Club Apartments, Los Angeles.

☞ Our reviewer writes:—As Señor Sender knows, his statement that "Lazarillo de Tormes is supposed to have been born around 1545" is in no sense a matter for debate among those who are very closely acquainted with Spanish literary chronologies. But in another sense I would agree that it was wrong to object on grounds of chronology to the conjunction of a fictional and an historical character.

I am, however, dumbfounded by Señor Sender's assertion that I attribute to him the mental reactions of Philip II. Far from supposing that he shares the outlook of this monarch, I have long admired Señor Sender because I believe that he subscribes to a quite opposite system of values. In my opinion, my remarks on his novel already told this to your readers.

SMALL PRINT

Sir,—Could I make a few points about your leader of August 10? One is that I cannot help feeling it is a mistake to treat, or seem to treat, little magazines as a kind of separate entity, as if, almost, they were dwarfs, living in a special dwarf-world, with special dwarf-problems. It seems to me that little magazines are sometimes just big magazines that happen to be run by people with less money or without public backing. I should think that the best of them would be concerned with literature (if they happen to be literary) and not *particularly* (i.e., any more than any other magazines) with practical problems, or whatever. . . . To give them a *special non-conformist role*, is really to relegate them (if the role is generally accepted) to something less than "medium" or "big" magazines.

I also noted your comment about British editors being slow to reply to Cavan McCarthy's (August 17) list of questions. This cheered me up no end. In the first place, getting one's magazine listed in that sort of reference-work is very unlikely to lead to any new subscribers; what it does lead to is a host of horrible manuscripts, from frightful poets, almost always without stamps, and often accompanied by depressing letters which say things like: "Dear Editor, here are fifty of my recent poems. I am thinking of taking out a sub. to your magazine. When will you be publishing them? Yours".

Another reason why one would be slow to answer Mr. McCarthy is that one resents the assumption that, just because one edits a magazine which has fewer pages than some other magazines, editing a little magazine makes one part of a kind of vast, sloppy club. I think that anyone who doesn't want to be part of such a club, and who doesn't want its publications pouring through his letterbox, and who *does* think that there is some merit in the idea of culture, has a point. And perhaps the only way he can make his point is by not replying to Mr. McCarthy.

In short, without wanting to be in any way polemical or pedantic, could I say that you perhaps underestimate the possibilities of the little magazine, when you want to see it as having a special "underground" role. I do see that it can have such a role, and that the role is useful, but if the little magazine is typecast in that way, is it not somehow deprived of its literary function, which is also a useful one? In fact I personally would like both types of little magazine to have a larger circulation, but this won't be managed via Mr. McCarthy, because the little mag world that he represents is just as pedantic as the other—only its assumptions are different. Anyway, please don't be too hard on the British editors who are slow to reply to those questions—they may have their good reasons.

IAN HAMILTON FINLAY.

Stonypath, Dunsyre, Lanark, Scotland.

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Cavan McCarthy (August 17) that much more could be done by small press operators to advertise their publications. Admittedly most of them gallantly run their presses on a shoestring and perhaps cannot afford the extra cost of advertising on a large scale, but it is surprising how new magazines of interest keep springing up without any previous announcements about their contents, prices or addresses from where they can be obtained. Their founders seem to rely on the method of sending copies to other small magazines in the hope that when space permits their editors will give them a short review. Often magazines have a "Magazines received" column which merely lists the names, addresses and prices of various magazines. Even when a few contributors are mentioned, it is almost impossible to form any idea of the type of magazine offered.

Pamphlets of poetry issued by small presses are seldom advertised except on a very small scale. Only recently I noticed a review of a pamphlet in a well-known literary review and no address of publication or price was given. I wrote to the editor for this information but even he was unable to provide it and suggested I wrote to the poet concerned, whose address he gave me. This led me to believe that the poet had printed the pamphlet at his own expense but this was not so and eventually, after having received a reply from the poet, I wrote to the press and received with their reply a well-produced brochure listing their previous publications. They had already published a number of pamphlets (some by well-known poets) and I wrote off for three others immediately.

It is well known that good poets are often first published by small presses which later fold up because of lack of support. It is also ironical that these pamphlets, which usually cost only a few shillings, quite often become rarities later and are offered in booksellers' catalogues for several pounds.

Last year a small press printed an excellent pamphlet of poems by Ted Hughes for two shillings and these poems were not included in his recent collection *Wodwo*. It would be interesting to know how many of your readers knew of its existence or how many would have ordered a copy if they had.

Would it not be possible for you to help in this respect, Sir? If *The Times Literary Supplement* could bring out an annual issue devoted to recent small press publications, it would not only help a most valuable band of enthusiasts but it would also be of interest to quite a large section of your readers.

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG.

Alphington, Roseville Street, St. Helier, Jersey.

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE SIXTIES

Sir,—Professor Harrison (August 17) wisely does not argue that his text is good, but that it has sold 2,500,000 copies. This can readily be explained by the virtues it undoubtedly had: cheapness and handiness. If it is bad, the more copies sold the more harm done. The notion that only "advanced students and textual experts" will be distracted by misunderstanding and misspelling is absurd. And if the general reader "has very little interest in textual theories", why bother him with them at all—especially when they are dogmatically stated and often wrong-headed? Perhaps Professor Harrison was really more prudent in 1952, when instead of editing the text for his one-volume Shakespeare, he simply reproduced the *Globe*. No doubt that edition also has sold a great many copies

J. C. MAXWELL.

Balliol College, Oxford.

WANDERING COMET

Sir,—It may seem churlish of me to correct a slip of the pen in your reviewer's very generous notice (August 24) of my edition of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Complete Letters*. Volumes II and III, but in quoting Pope's poisonous couplet about Lady Mary he says that it comes from the *Dunciad* of 1733 when, of course, he meant to say the *Imitation* of Horace. Another inaccuracy I should point out is his compliment to my "faultless skill". On page 220 of Volume III a name in a letter is given as "Dr. J [?] r". A fellow-scholar has privately pointed out to me that this is surely Irwin, i.e., Dr. James Irwin (c. 1678-1759), physician to the Pretender in Rome. Your reviewer, Sir, is human! so am I.

ROBERT HALSBAND.

860 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

ALLEGORICAL

Sir,—While I would agree with your reviewer (August 10) that John MacQueen's study of Henrysoun's major poems does not go far enough critically, I find his rejection of the allegorical interpretation dangerously misleading. Here, it seems to me, Professor MacQueen is in the right, though perhaps not always so in detail. This is the book's main value.

The authority we should appeal to on this matter is Henrysoun himself. In the *Prolog* to the tales he makes it quite clear he is conveying "ane doctrine wyse aneuch" in the guise of "ane fenyeit fabill". He makes the point at least three times under three different analogies. The clearest one is in stanza three:

> The nuttis shell, thocht it be hard and teuch,
> Haldis the kirnill and is delectabill;
> Sa lyis thair ane doctrine wyse aneuch
> And full of fruit under ane fenyeit fabill . . .

Each *moralitas*, therefore, far from being "arbitrary", is an abstract of the meaning intended to be drawn from the tale—Henrysoun is making sure that there will be no mistake about what precisely he means: if you don't get it one way you get it the other. Poetry for him was a religious vocation, a teaching by parables, and each parable is explained. The moral content is primary for him, as he makes clear, and he almost echoes Barbour's dictum of the delights of both truth and art in a "suthfast" tale in the opening of the *Prolog*.

By rejecting the allegorical interpretation of the tales, your reviewer finds himself in the desperate position of having to regard the *moralitas* stanzas as "arbitrary"—he uses the word twice in this connexion. Now there are few poets less arbitrary than Henrysoun. He is almost legally precise, one of the most consistent, logical, and integrated of poets. He means exactly what he says, and says exactly what he means, and if it were not so he would have told us—at length. That he created, as most good poets do, beyond his conscious purpose I fully believe: the tales establish themselves in their own independent right, foreshadowing a later age.

Professor MacQueen has succeeded in establishing the dominance of the allegorical tradition(s) in this pre-Reformation major poetry.

TOM SCOTT.

12 Vincent Street, Edinburgh.

☞ Our reviewer writes:—As Mr. Scott says, Henryson warns us that the main point of his *Fables* lies in their moral significance. But why should this be held to make the *moralitas* less arbitrary when in a particular case, such as that of *The Cock and the Jasp*, it has no bearing on the story that has been told? The authority we should appeal to in this matter is not Henryson himself, but our response to the poetry. We derive pleasure from the common sense of the Cock who throws away a jewel because he cannot eat it, and are then asked in the *moralitas* to think of the jewel as "perfect prudence" and to condemn the Cock as a fool, although he has acted most prudently according to its lights. How does Mr. Scott define "arbitrary"?

CALLING NAMES

Sir,—Penguin Books recently re-issued a novel, *Inside Mr. Enderby* by Anthony Burgess, which was first published by Heinemann in 1963 under his pseudonym Joseph Kell. For their edition Penguins have, however, used Mr. Burgess's own name. I am sure there are very good reasons for this but nowhere in the copy I examined is there an explanation that the book was originally published pseudonymously. To all concerned this may seem a minor bibliographical matter, but if the practice continues it could prove a real inconvenience to the trade.

LEON DRUCKER.

25 Dicey Avenue, London, N.W.2.



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RULES FOR THE UNRULY

RENÉ WELLEK: *A History of Modern Criticism, 1750-1950.* Vol. 3: The Age of Transition. 389pp. £3 3s. Vol. 4: The Later Nineteenth Century. 671pp. £5. Cape.

"Allow me to sketch your ideal of poetry, your 'norm' with which you measure every poet . . ."—Dr. Wellek's request to Dr. Leavis, many years ago in *Scrutiny*, has stuck in people's minds as a classic encounter of the Philosopher with the Critic. Yet it is very doubtful whether Dr. Wellek has ever set up as a philosopher at all, either of the Anglo-American or the continental kind; in so far as his history of criticism reveals theoretical preoccupations, he would probably wish to be considered as making a substantive contribution to critical theory, rather than a philosophical investigation of the subject: his work belongs to that admittedly ill-defined but recognizable domain, the "history of ideas". Nevertheless, what is unsatisfying in Dr. Wellek's huge and ambitious work—something that might be regarded as a "philosophical" no less than a "critical" weakness—is perhaps already suggested by the way that well-known request to Dr. Leavis was worded. *Can* living thought be boiled down as Dr. Wellek—with all his great virtues of immense care and application, and genuine passion for his subject—boils it down in his history? Is this series of digests the best way, or the only way, in which to write the history of criticism? Dr. Wellek in his Volume 4 refers justly to the capriciousness, the crotchets, the irresponsibilities of his predecessor, Saintsbury. And there can be no doubt that a scholar or student, wishing to consult a responsible standard work on this subject, will in future go to Wellek. All the same, it is difficult to imagine a scholar or student or anyone else enjoying and cherishing these volumes as he might Saintsbury's. The reason, no doubt, is partly one not discreditable to Dr. Wellek, a sober and scrupulous historian. But there is a disadvantage in the "digest" method which perhaps might have been overcome by Dr. Wellek if we could imagine him more critically aware, more sensitive to the *difficulty* of his task. The disadvantage is that all the critics with whom Dr. Wellek deals seem *belittled*. For all the abundant, and often aptly chosen, quotations from their writings, they all seem very similar: incomprehensibly slapdash, partial, partisan, ignorant. A great, if wayward, genius fares no better than a middleman: Tolstoy seems no less "dated" and discredited than Georg Brandes. Something surely has gone wrong.

The crucial test of the "idea-life" in Dr. Wellek's history must be his conception of what makes a great critic. And there are ominous signs that Dr. Wellek's thinking here has not gone deep enough. "De Quincey lacks the system, coherence and objectivity of a great critic", he says in summary judgment. "System" and "coherence"—we may regard these requirements as reflecting the "European" and encyclopedist quality of Dr. Wellek's mind; he came as near to impatience as his civilized manner allows when in an earlier volume he exposed the lack of them in Samuel Johnson. But many English readers will be inclined to agree with Professor Yvor Winters that great critics are very rare, and that it is possible that the English-speaking world has only produced one: Samuel Johnson. And "objectivity"—one would not look for that in Johnson. But, when we think it over, is there any critic whom anyone really *reads*—as distinct from "studying" him—who has been "objective"? And anyway, what *is* objectivity? Dr. Wellek constantly hints at his awareness of that problem. But we rarely get more than negative suggestions from him about what it is. It is *not* speculating about the author's biography or psychology. It is *not* basing judgments on a reader's "affective response". "The work itself", we are reminded over and over again, is the critic's only proper object of study. And so on. Yet the criticism that seems really "live", that can teach us something today, seems always to be contravening those rules. . . .

It would be unfair not to recognize that an endeavour like that of Dr. Wellek's is an honourable, and in its way, an impressive one, when we consider the reading he has had to do in English, American, French, German, Russian, Danish criticism, and the "background" work—and we must remember that his interest in creative literature itself must have been kept alive. It could be said without hyperbole that such a work, carried through in so scrupulous and tenacious a spirit, is a mark of civilization at its best. And we must wait till Dr. Wellek's final volume before voicing the suspicion that he sees the history of criticism as in some important sense a story of accumulating *progress*; that, by knowing the *words* of dead thinkers, we have automatically and without effort assimilated their *ideas*. Dr. Wellek's history is a distinguished work of scholarship, which will become an indispensable work of reference. Whether it is a distinguished work of literature in its own right is another matter. Dr. Wellek's prose style is adequate but unexciting, and his manner is tinged with an understandable complacency about the performance of a task of such magnitude. Yet it can hardly be said that in this performance the miraculous dialectical transformation of quantity into quality has taken place.

WHAT THEY MEANT THEN

SUSIE I. TUCKER: *Protean Shape.* 322pp. Athlone Press. £2 15s.

Miss Tucker has written a highly enjoyable book on eighteenth-century English vocabulary and usage, a book that will prove not only essential to the literary critic of that period but also delightful for the many amateurs of books about words. Miss Tucker's lightness of touch, and her dextrous and amusing occasional links with the language of our day give her work a gaiety unusual in researches of this quality.

The word *occasional* in the last sentence carries its eighteenth-century meaning as well as our own: that is, "suitable to the occasion", as in *occasional table*. And Miss Tucker's book, like other similar ones of recent years, is perhaps most valuable where it notes shifts in meaning that we might, without notice, let pass at their current face value. Names for things like: say, *amateur, toyshop, florist*, we may learn fairly easily if we read often in the period; but non-names may still slide by unnoticed, like *discover* in the sense "to uncover, to reveal", *supply* in the sense of "to replace", *of course* in the sense of "in due course, in the natural order". We are, of course, in the modern sense—more often misled by such shifts than we can know, and in periods nearer our own most nineteenth-century novels would gain in richness where they to be annotated where words have shifted their meanings.

The eighteenth century was as absorbed with language as our own is, and Miss Tucker's extensive readings in periodical literature have uncovered many contemporary controversies. How far should "foreigners" be admitted as such, how far naturalized? Does *ingenious* mean the same as *ingenuous*, is *hanged* merely an alternative to *hung*? Miss Tucker revives and glosses these discussions, and from them, and from her other evidence, draws conclusions of her own: for instance, on words in eighteenth century could usefully have done with like *Romanesque*, which might, she indicates, have rendered discussions on *Gothic* less confused. Her own adumbrations on *Gothic*, and, notably, on *whimsicism*, are excellent.

This book is, however, flawed by its improper degree of reliance on the *Oxford English Dictionary*, and since such reliance, and the errors to which it gives rise, are common in books of this kind, the springs of the errors are worth some notice. They are several.

First, there is a failure to realize that even an ideal *OED* must necessarily be in many respects obsolete as soon as issued, and that the *OED* we have is far from ideal; its first volume was issued more than eighty years ago, its last volume more than thirty years ago, and inevitably its evidence on the dates when words, expressions, senses, first came into use is not to be relied on. Miss Tucker in fact knows this. She has found many antedatings of *OED*, and, indeed, it is barely possible to read, with this end in view, anything published before *OED* and not find them. She has also noticed that sometimes Stanford's *Dictionary of Anglicised Words and Phrases* antedates *OED*. But still, where she has *not* found antedatings, she assumes they do not exist, and if the first quotation for a word or sense in *OED* (or sometimes Stanford) is an eighteenth-century one, then she treats the words as first used in that century. This she does, for example, with *torso*, meaning the trunk of a human figure, for which *OED*'s first example is 1788, Stanford's 1722. But in fact John Evelyn used the word in this sense in 1644.

Second, there is a failure to realize that the earliest quotation in *OED* implies only that this was the first example of a usage available to the editor when he made up the relevant volume. It can hardly ever provide justification for assuming that this was the first time the word or sense was used, or that it was invented by the author of the quotation. Miss Tucker is *not* justified in saying, on the evidence of *OED*'s first quotation, that it was Horace Walpole who first used the cookery-book term *recipe*, in 1743; as we do in fact, it appears in the Verney letters in 1716, and there is no justification for assuming that this is the first use either.

The last example shows a third error that easily arises from too uncritical acceptance of *OED*: its sarcastic readers were no doubt asked to read "classic" sources first and most thoroughly, which almost certainly has led to a preponderance of "first quotations" from famous authors, and might too readily lead one to suppose that it was famous authors who invented or first recorded our language. But just as many of the "first quotations" *OED* takes from Shakespeare can easily be antedated by reading sixteenth-century trivia and ephemera, so may the famous authors of other centuries be antedated, as in practice Miss Tucker herself has found.

It follows from the foregoing that social assumptions based on the apparent non-existence of words in a period must be highly tentative. Thus, the introduction of the compound *foot-passenger* certainly implies, as Miss Tucker says, that passages are no longer usually made on foot. But though *OED*'s first example is of 1832, others exist at least back to the middle of the previous century, and general social conclusions must always bear in mind the possibility that this might be so.

Surprisingly, however, Miss Tucker occasionally fails to depend on *OED* when she could justly do so. That a man described a kangaroo in 1773 and failed to name it shows only that he hadn't done his homework, not that the word did not yet exist; recourse to *OED* would have showed its use by both Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks in 1770.

Of postdatings as such Miss Tucker seems unaware, and again she too readily accepts *OED*'s last quotation for an obsolete word as the last date on which it was used; and here, again, she can mislead herself. Thus she accepts *waterworks* in the sense of ornamental cascades, &c., and *black man* in the sense of a dark-complexioned man, as dying out with the eighteenth century because *OED*'s last quotation for the former is 1779, for the latter 1815. But in fact both survived until well into the nineteenth century. Crabb Robinson uses *waterworks* in this sense in 1837, and Dickens uses *black man* in this sense in 1839—and later examples may well exist.

Such errors as these mar, but certainly do not spoil Miss Tucker's useful book. But they are worth attention, because so widespread. On eighteenth-century comments on language, Miss Tucker herself says in her Epilogue, "Universal affirmatives and negatives are easy but dangerous", then adds, "there was no *Oxford English Dictionary* in the eighteenth century to offer guidance to date and usage. We have no such excuse, . . ." and then, in an engaging footnote, ". . . I can only hope that I am not here condemning myself". *Confidentia* is too harsh a censure on so delightful and helpful a book, but undeniably it would have been a splendid one had Miss Tucker approached the *Oxford English Dictionary* with a more reasonable appreciation of its limitations.

WRITERS' READING

THURE STENSTRÖM: *Existentialismen: Studier i dess idéutbildning och litterära yttringar.* 347pp. Stockholm: Natur och Kultur. Sw. Kr. 29.50.

Dr. Stenström's book is a good example of what detailed biographical research can achieve. Methodically and with great thoroughness, he has gone into the background reading of Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir and had several illuminating interviews with them. The result is a valuable book for the student of existentialist literature, in which the author, a tutor of literature at Uppsala University, has been able to unearth some fresh information about Sartre's and Mme. de Beauvoir's writing and correct the misapprehensions of previous scholars.

Existentialism: Studies in its Tradition of Ideas and their Literary Manifestations is an uneven mixture of close reading and biographical research. The first half is devoted to an exploration of the affinities between Sartre and such existentialist predecessors as Nietzsche, Kierkegaard and Heidegger, and relies surprisingly much on previous studies (chiefly William Barrett's and Mary Warnock's). Confronted with ideas, Dr. Stenström is a somewhat timid explorer. However, the latter half, which discusses Sartre's *Les Mouches*, Simone de Beauvoir's *L'Invitée* and Camus's *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*, shows his skill as a biographical scholar; he has snooped around, and with some successful results.

Why did Sartre, apparently for the first time, choose a Greek myth in writing *Les Mouches*? The play was first staged during the German occupation in 1943 and its allusions to the situation of the day are well known. Professor Philip Thody suspects Sartre of using myth "principally because of the need to get the play past the censor", and he refers to Giraudoux as another writer doing the same. That these considerations were far from irrelevant Dr. Stenström acknowledges, but he proceeds to show that the choice was, in Sartre's own words to him, "un choix spontané". In the story of Orestes he found exactly *l'homme en situation* he was looking for. This is borne out by the fact that Sartre had already shown an interest in mythic drama when he wrote his early, and hitherto unpublished, play *Bariona*. It was written when Sartre was a prisoner during the winter of 1940, and was based on a Christian mystery play. Dr. Stenström was given the play, and has now been able to show convincingly both how ideas in *Les Mouches* are already to be found in *Bariona* and how the handling of myth evolves from *Bariona* to *Les Mouches*. Like Orestes, Bariona challenges social and divine order to prove the Sartrean notion of freedom, but he succumbs in the end, a convert to Christian morality. The awkward ending is felt to be the main reason for Sartre's unwillingness to have the play published or staged. Dr. Stenström, on the other hand, argues that Sartre's fears are unjustified: for him it is obvious that the ending is tacked on, rather than relevant to the idea of the play. That may well be true, but one would at least like to see the play.

The discussion of *L'Invitée* is handled mainly in terms of the ties between Simone de Beauvoir and Sartre's notion of the *Eros d'autrui* theme, but Dr. Stenström has slipped in a biographical detail of some interest. Scholars have for some time thought a real person lay behind the fictional character Xavière, but have had to admit that they do not know who. No personal manuscripts exist, and Mme. de Beauvoir's autobiography *La Force de l'âge* provides no satisfactory answer. She mentions a person by the name of Olga Dominique who became Sartre's mistress, and also mentions another Olga (*Tania* or Wanda. *L'Invitée*, on the other hand, is dedicated to an Olga Kosakievicz. Dr. Stenström has found out that Sartre and Mme. de Beauvoir knew two sisters, both apparently called Olga Kosakievicz, went on the stage, the elder as Olga Dominique, the younger as Wanda, and later Marie Ollivier. It is the elder, Olga Dominique, who plays such a prominent part in the couple's early life and on whom Xavière is modelled.

A great deal of this makes exciting reading, and there is much yet to be gleaned from this rich field for a definitive book. One's only doubt is whether Dr. Stenström, with his scrupulous dating of the works, does not make too many assumptions about their direct influence. A little less, dating and a little more interpretation would have been welcome.

HOW NEW?

LAURENT LESAGE: *The Psychocritic and the New Criticism.* An Introduction and a Sampler. 219pp. The Pennsylvania State University Press (American University Publications Group). £2 3s.

Professor LeSage here does for the New Critics what he has already done for the New Novelists. Some excuse for sampling are eighteen critics writing in French—if not French in origin. Professor LeSage says in his words about them and then gives extracts from their work, first in French and later, in an appendix, in English. In his general introduction he divides the leading French critics since Baudelaire into their various allegiances and ends by detecting a rather tongue-in-cheek thread of unity among the "new" critics: he has chosen for his Sampler those who are to be recognized by their critical philosophical approach to literature and their refusal to take account of anything but the text itself; less rigorous qualifications which would put Ellis (Roland Barthes) and Lawrence down with lambs (Marcel Raymond). Moreover the word "new" is beginning to seem a bit silly by the fact that three of those called upon—Poulet, Richard, Béguin and Charles Mauron—are dead.

WHEN THE METRO STOPS

RAYMOND QUENEAU: *Courir les rues.* 196pp. Paris: Gallimard. 12fr.

In this new book of poems Raymond Queneau, who believes in John Loudon Macadam if not in Garden-of-Eden Adam, makes 150 or more brief trips into the streets of Paris. Once out of doors he ignores the glories and specialities of the city so that he can promote its everyday life and debris. Queneau has always acted as a memorialist for those modest goods and modest things that would otherwise have disappeared into instant oblivion:

longtemps longtemps longtemps après que les
pigeons auront disparu
on verra encore leurs chiures dans les rues
également dans mes poèmes. . . .

But poems themselves will not live for ever and Queneau keeps them short and simple because he knows that his powers of defeating time are limited. There is little direct expression of his sadness in *Courir les rues* yet each poem, however short, is constructed above a void, into which Queneau peers with sympathetic alarm. Time clings to the masonry of any city but much more openly in France, where streets and squares are named after dead people rather than distant places. One glance up at the enamel plaque at a street-corner and Queneau's mind is adrift in the past and often forced to steadily insist on a reference to some favourite book of facts, such as the *Guide Bleu* or *Larousse*. By attaching a city fragment of biographical substance to the name of some forgotten Frenchman he achieves an act of physical identification with a dead human being as well as reminding us of the vanity of our own city feats.

Each poem in *Courir les rues* is therefore a stay of execution, existing in Paris Queneau considers, across the human grain of destruction, the demolition gangs at work on replaceable buildings. And for as long as the poem lasts these gangs are seen at rest, having a drink at a nearby bar and waiting for the arresting eye of the poet to be withdrawn. And in the short space of time which Queneau allows us we can display our solidarity with the ghosts who have been given a chance to emerge. His poems, like his novels, only start when the work stops:

et voilà que des cacatoès et
s'amène tout un peuple de fantômes
qui chantent la Carmagnole et dansent
sur un air de Guillaume de Machaut . . .

THE SERBONIAN BOG

MAURICE COWLING: *1867: Disraeli, Gladstone and Revolution.* 451pp. Cambridge University Press. £3 10s.

The centenary of the Reform Bill has not evoked any significant celebration in the past months and perhaps the best reason for this is that hardly anyone today could say exactly what is enshrined in political terms: neither the two *simpliste* solutions stands up to critical analysis. Of these the more popular is, to quote Mr. Robert Blake:

> Disraeli enfranchised the householder; Gladstone's behest in order to win office; that the working class householder having received the vote which Disraeli said "Thank you Mr. Gladstone" and accordingly voted him into power in 1868.

On the other hand the more sophisticated view, namely that Disraeli, rather than his colleagues, saw that the enfranchised householders were basically conservative and educated his party to this sense, thus paving the way for the victory of 1874, proves on examination to have no greater plausibility either. The truth is that the Bill that became the Act of 1867 was an exercise in pure politics, shameless in terms of party advantage, devoid of settled principle, and ending at the end of the day with the issue settled, no grievance righted and only one residual beneficiary—Disraeli himself. The decision to bring in a Bill was taken on February 26, 1867, and its third reading was obtained without a division on July 15 of the same year: Mr. Maurice Cowling has devoted to these six months of Parliamentary history a work of 450 pages of unparalleled diligence, lucid, readable and, so far as human nature permits, impartial. If one sometimes has the feeling of peering into a glass-bottomed beehive it is not because he has failed to distinguish between his multitude of characters (there is a 16-page appendix devoted to his *dramatis personae* alone (but because their surprising operations are carried out with the same all pervading rhythm of fission-fusion, fusion-fission and thus deprives the scene of dignity and purpose alike. Disraeli characterized the 1867 Act as the Serbonian bog of British constitutional history; in its avidity with which Mr. Cowling and Dr. F. B. Smith before him has tackled this terrifying task succeeds in imparting itself to non-academic readers whom the overwhelming mass of trivial detail could normally be expected to repel.

The Reform Parliament of 1865 had elected almost on a non-partisan issue to confirm in office the Whig-Liberal Coalition led by Palmerston, who on the latter's death did Parliamentary Reform become an issue at Westminster, for outside the Radicals very few successful candidates had included Parliamentary Reform in their election addresses. All this was now changed. Gladstone became the dominant influence in Lord John Russell's administration (as he could never have been under Palmerston) and he was supported by many of the new entry, among whom John Stuart Mill, G. O. Trevelyan and Laurence Oliphant lent intellectual lustre to the radical wing. Gladstone's reform Bill of 1866 was defeated owing to the defection of the Whig grandees who took refuge in the famous cave of Adullam in the expectation that they would be called on to lead the Whig-Conservative coalition that was bound to follow. This was not to be the case. Disraeli knew that the formation of such a coalition would certainly mean the end of his own career and probably that of the Conservative Party. Derby, though old and ill and tired, proved unexpectedly staunch and when the Queen sent for him to form a government accepted her invitation without waiting to see how many of the Adullamites could be lured over to him. In the event none came and Derby with his 290 supporters formed what all considered to be a caretaker government whose life was bound to be brief and would be terminated as soon as the 360 Whigs, Liberals and Radicals had composed their differences.

The actual stages by which the Derby Government, who had come to office on their opposition to reform, came to plump for a Reform Bill of their own are obscure and still in the last resort conjectural. Disraeli's own attitude was far from highfalutin'. He had let the Adullamites and especially Robert Lowe make the running in opposition to the 1866 Bill, cheering them from the sidelines and joining them in the division lobby. Their high-handed bungling of the succession crisis warned him that it might suit the Conservatives better to have them in opposition than as allies. Two things were necessary: the divisions in the Liberal Party must be kept open and Gladstone, now leader of the Radicals, must be cut to size. Reform was the one issue that could achieve the first and the Government's handling of it might achieve the second. Although the Hyde Park Riots of July, 1866, when Derby came to power may have helped to focus public attention on reform, Members of Parliament do not care to admit that their actions are determined by public manifestations of such a sort. Nevertheless by the autumn Derby accepted that reform must feature in the menu he was to put before Parliament and it was his henchman, in the famous words of Sir Matthew Ridley proposing Disraeli's health at the Carlton Club after a decisive division, "who rode the race, who took the time, who kept the time, and who took the trick".

How was it done? Those who wish to know should consult Mr. Cowling's erudite pages. Today it seems a miracle: if there was one subject on which there was a consensus of opinion in the 1867 Parliament it was reform and three-quarters of the members were against it. Nevertheless, Disraeli got his Bill and it seems that he got it basically by opposing any amendment moved by Gladstone while accepting almost any amendment however radical in character if moved by someone else. He had, too, the advantage of a private statistical service which he used vigorously both to stultify his opponents and bamboozle his own side when they showed signs of nervousness. His great advantage in dealing with the morass of problems arising from the fancy franchises, questions of ratable value, registration, duality, compound householders and the like arose from the simple fact that he knew what he wanted to do, namely to divide the Liberals and to dish Gladstone. Both these objects were achieved but he had to wait till 1874 to enjoy them.

What else was achieved? By Dr. Smith's calculation the electorate was virtually doubled, the hustings lost their saturnalian character and elections became too expensive for most individuals, so that party discipline and the whipping system became enforceable. Of course the upper classes continued to enjoy enormous advantages in wealth and connexion even if they had lost the apparent power to rule. Equally the newly enfranchised artisans continued to defer to them, much to the disappointment of the radical intelligentsia. If it is true to say that the mass politics of the twentieth century began with the passing of the Second Reform Bill, it is even truer to say that it took a very long time indeed, at least half a century, for this fact to become apparent. Professor Einstein once said that he thought he could understand anything with the exception of popular explanations of the Einstein theory. Mr. Cowling has with his unrivalled knowledge of a period which most historians prefer to skip over provided a Michelin guide through the Serbonian bog.

MORE HUMAN THAN OTHERS

ROYSTON PIKE: *Human Documents of the Victorian Golden Age.* 378pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 8s.

Compilations, necessarily and properly, reflect the mind and preoccupations of their compiler. Mr. Pike, who has already published a well-received collection of pieces entitled *Human Documents of the Industrial Revolution in Britain*, is no exception to this rule. His great preoccupation is with what he calls, in italics, "the humans": "all these documents", he says in his introduction, "reveal the human side of life"; if they didn't, they wouldn't be here.

Fair enough; most books about people reveal "the human side of life"; but it soon becomes evident from Mr. Pike's selections that, for him, some humans are more human than others, and that his book is about the appalling condition of the weak and the defenceless—women, children, the unskilled worker—during the nineteenth-century 1850-1875. No harm in that, though it is perhaps surprising that he should appear to regard the revelations about match-factories, chimney-sweeps, domestic servants, sanitation, lack of sanitation and cholera as quite such novelties. Equally most great Victorian writers were vociferous reformers, and so were many Victorian artists, as the pages of illustrations to these pages (by Gustave Doré) clearly show.

The reader may well wonder what is the exact purpose of this book. It contains about 150 excerpts, most of them from reports of Government commissions on housing, sanitation, factory conditions and labour conditions; there is a sort of makeweight on the Great Exhibition; and sex. This material seems to have been gathered mostly to rebut those "social historians" (who are they?) who "seem to think that the people of Victorian Britain, especially in the 'Golden Age' of the mid-century, spent their lives in a round of sophisticated pleasure". Thus the introduction, though at the end of the book Mr. Pike resoundingly assures us that, as so many of the evils he has particularized are no more, the people who effected their removal deserve "the tribute of a cheer"; "not all the belittling screeds of latter-day sneerers can deface their record of unparalleled achievement", he adds. No doubt this book might do a lot of good to the "latter-day sneerers" (who are they?) if they could be constrained to read it. But will they? It seems unlikely.

Surely the most meagre historian is already broadly familiar with the essence of most of this material. If he is not, he can hardly do better than take a long look at any of the wonderful Doré drawings shown here, for they will tell him as much about the Condition of the People question as any Government report that was ever written.

ALBERT MEMORIAL

The Early Years of the Prince Consort. Compiled for and annotated by Queen Victoria. 247pp. Kimber. £2 10s.

The publishers are to be complimented on giving us, in modern dress, a version of the most important printed source for an understanding of the character of the Prince Consort. *The Early Years* was written by General Grey, son of the Prime Minister and private secretary to the Queen, with material and commentary provided by the Queen. The book was circulated to the personal friends of the royal family only, and was given to them with an inscription by the Queen in 1866. Several of the reolpients—notably the famous Yorkshire geologist Professor Sedgwick—urged that the book should be made available for the public. This was done in the following year. The public version, from which presumably the book under notice was taken, hardly differs (except in one curious particular) from the private one. In the privately printed edition the Queen quotes from her journal for 1839 the account which she wrote at the time of the circumstances in which she came to ask the Prince to marry her, with the addition—"he is perfection in every way, in beauty, in everything". This is omitted and the editor of the present volume has also omitted the long and entertaining reminiscences of King Leopold about the members of the Coburg family.

Originally *The Early Years* was intended as the first volume of a full biography of the Prince, and all versions close with the statement that the christening of the Princess Royal and the events of 1841 "must be reserved for another volume". In fact, General Grey, overburdened with work, had no leisure for a subsequent volume and the project was handed over to Sir Theodore Martin who incorporated *The Early Years* in his five volume biography. This reissue of the book a century after its original publication is a reminder of the abiding interest in the personality of Albert the Good.

SALISBURY PLAIN

CHRISTOPHER HOWARD: *Splendid Isolation.* A Study of Ideas concerning Britain's International Position and Foreign Policy during the Later Years of the third Marquis of Salisbury. 120pp. Macmillan. 30s.

Algernon Cecil, who was a perceptive member of the great political family, once wrote of his uncle Lord Salisbury, the prime minister, "to study Salisbury is in fact to liberate oneself from many fond and foolish illusions about man and society". Christopher Howard, in this short but excellent study of the policy of Salisbury with particular reference to "splendid isolation", underlines what Mr. Cecil says and points to the historical dangers for any country of believing the phrases and catchwords of its own propaganda. "Splendid isolation" is a silly combination of words like "wait and see", "up and up", or "squeeze Germany till the pips squeak" which have been attributed out of context to our prime ministers. Mr. Howard tells us that William Harbutt Dawson, writing in 1922 in the Cambridge History of Foreign Policy, was probably the first man to attribute the phrase to Salisbury—or at any rate the phrase with all its historic undertones. So far as the words themselves are concerned *The Times* can claim to be the coiner; a shrewd but, alas, forgotten subeditor slipped in the phrase as a cross-heading to a speech of Joseph Chamberlain in 1896. Mr. Howard's researches suggest that Salisbury may have used the words geographically or constitutionally in order to distinguish England from the European mainland but never in the sense now attached to them.

Isolation in a political—or foreign political—connexion cannot be regarded as complimentary. Did not Dr. Johnson describe the House of Hanover as *Isolée* in England? Napoleon and to a lesser extent Napoleon III were isolated through their disregard for civilized relations between European states, and in the 1890s there was diplomatic debate about whether Germany or England had succeeded France as the pariah of Europe. The position—an unenviable one—could not be disguised by the invention of grandiloquent and comforting words. Mr. Howard shows us that not only did Salisbury never believe in "splendid isolation", or ever use the words except as explained above, but that his estimate of Great Britain's political position in Europe was totally different. "We are part of the community of Europe and must do our duty as such."

He would have favoured this country involving itself in a concert of Europe and, greatly admiring his predecessor Castlereagh, he might well have sighed for a holy alliance. But what he set his face against was an entanglement with a part of Europe, with one of the alliances by which in his day the continent was divided. Salisbury also argued—and the development of this point gives a larger sweep to Mr. Howard's narrative—that the uncertainties of party government made it impossible for England to tie herself down by alliances to support the alliance by arms in uncertain circumstances at an uncertain date.

Mr. Howard rescues from dumb forgetfulness a person whom he calls "a certain Thomas Hedderwick". (He was for a short time Liberal member for Wick Burghs and afterwards a noted London police court magistrate.) In 1898 Hedderwick demanded a return of all treaties involving any engagement, guarantee or undertaking in regard to the territory or government of any other country. The parliamentary answer took six months to unearth and was curious. It seemed that by ancient treaties we were committed to many things, including the defence of Portugal's overseas territories, the maintenance of the Greek monarchy and above all the independence of Belgium. Several people, including Sir Charles Dilke, had played down our obligations to Belgium under the 1839 Treaty on the grounds that memories of it had become "dim". At an earlier date Salisbury himself, influenced as always by a paramount feeling of the uncertainties of party on belligerent alliances, wrote of these ancient treaties: "I do not think that we must rate too high the effect of bonds constituted by signatures on a piece of paper." "A scrap of paper"? As Mr. Howard pertinently comments "if Britain really recognized the validity of this obligation to Belgium it was scarcely logical to talk of her policy of isolation". Yet ironically enough it was the treaty of 1839, "dim" and only "a signature on paper", which, in 1914, converted a nation from dreams of neutrality to war.

COMPARING ALGORITHMS

J. R. HALE (Editor): *The Evolution of British Historiography.* From Bacon to Namier. 380pp. Macmillan. 35s. (Paperback, 18s.).

Evolution, so far as it implies advance or development in comprehension of a scientific kind, is perhaps not the right word. The inference to be drawn from Professor Hale's brilliant introductory survey and well-chosen extracts from a score of notable British historians is not that historiography reached a higher level with Namier than with Gibbon or Bacon. Such a survey—compressed, yet singularly comprehensive—brings out with force that the writing of history is a humane and literary activity. There may be fresh materials and fresh techniques, but there are not discoveries. There are no Flemings in historiography. In the comparison of historians we compare approaches, or, in the scientific terminology, algorithms. Hence, for instance, Professor Hale's very proper inclusion of Scott among the historians as a man who transformed our attitude towards the past by conceiving the possibility of imaginative identification with it, and so the creation of it afresh.

Professor Hale writes extremely well. He is subtle, engaging, pithy, confident, and glides easily from one historian to the next describing, comparing, and glancing over his shoulder. "The freedom, intimacy, and wit of Bacon"; "the earnest caution of Camden"; "the pithy splendour of Raleigh", are drops from his forging. Gibbon "raises footnotes to the level of table talk", and the point has never been better made. There are so many felicities of this kind that even when, for a moment, the thou't may falter, the charm makes it hardly perceptible.

It is equally difficult to fault the selection of the historians themselves and the passages by which each is represented. Buckle presumably gets a place for his positivism, though his naivety is painful and his style wearisome. Acton, though an inevitable member of the team, strikes one as a bit of a phrase-maker and pundit, rather than a man with deeply dug historical convictions.

Stubbs, on the other hand, emerges well from the tests, both as a writer and as a man deliberately trying to establish standards; and Principal Robertson amply earns his place: he has, as Professor Hale points out, been neglected in comparison with Gibbon, though it is not quite true that his work on America, Scotland, and Charles V has been forgotten. The last, with its masterly introductory survey, remains one of the best literary introductions to European history that exists in the English language.

It is possible to speculate about omissions. Temple, Swift, Bolingbroke, Hurd, fill an important gap between Clarendon and Gibbon which Professor Hale leaps briskly over. In the nineteenth century the formidable John Horace Round, who demolished Freeman and laid foundations for the study of feudalism which will not easily be disturbed, was worth ten of Froude. He was also an interesting example of an historian holding no academic post whose standards were as rigorous as any professional's. In the generation of Namier, which is under-represented by comparison with the Victorians, mention might have been made of Richard Pares and G. M. Young, and the account of Namier himself is somewhat lacking in depth. Finally Professor Hale might have considered the historiographical contribution of Sellar and Yeatman in a work which, though launched as a joke, has had a profound and lasting influence on our attitude to history. Since *1066 and All That* things have never been quite the same.

CASTE: ETHICS AND LEGALITY

CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF: *Morals and Merit.* A Study of values and social controls in South Asian Societies. 239pp. 8 plates. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Morals and Merit is a well-written and wide-ranging survey of moral values and social controls in some two dozen tribal and rural communities of India, Nepal and Ceylon, with comparative references to similar groups in South-east Asia. Professor von Fürer - Haimendorf is an impassioned observer, for the most part as a participating anthropologist, of cultural and ethical differences between, for instance, the small, isolated communities of hunters and food-gatherers, the shifting cultivators, the frontier tribesmen, the feudalistic Hinduized tribes, the rigidly caste-conscious high-born Hindus, and Buddhists of the Himalayas and Ceylon, with their pious quest for "merit". In *Morals and Merit* the different value emphases are clearly delineated.

Introducing his survey the author comments on the paucity of anthropological studies of trans-cultural morality, on the issue between moral relativism and "a common moral language shared by the whole of humanity", on the difficulties of observer-bias in an anthropological study of morals, and on the limited objectives of his own study. He prefers descriptive ethics to normative ethics which interests philosophers, confesses that there will be bias but at least the same bias throughout his argument, and states his task as demonstrating "the diversity of moral ideas as well as of the controls different societies employ in ensuring the maintenance of the traditional moral order". One begins therefore to wonder if *Morals and Merit* may not be yet another gazetteer of tribes and castes. Fortunately Professor Haimendorf is too good an anthropologist to offer just that. True that he ranges his societies from primitive food-gatherers to those possessing a reflective tradition, but the typology is not based naively on economic determinism. His explanations for differences in morality and social controls in societies are functionalist, tempered with a concern for the influence on them of ecology, culture, history, and social motivation. His venture into the realm of motivation, though refreshing, is not altogether convincing. Discussing moral forces among the Andamanese food-gatherers, for example, he justly criticizes as naive assumptions about the primacy of moral laws over natural laws, but his analysis, based on socio - economic and emotional factors in a small-scale society, is no more illuminating than, say, Malinowski's theory of needs. But in fairness to the author Malinowski's ideas have been found to wear well with time. Indeed, so long as we state the limits of our naivety in regard to the understanding of other disciplines, there is no reason why psychiatry, ethology, &c., should not perform as benign genies on the formerly sacrosanct borders of social anthropology.

In straight, lucid and occasionally evocative descriptions, the author adds substantially, systematically and suggestively to the corpus of ideas on social prestige and jurisprudence among Indian tribes. A perceptive note on the concept of evil among the Kurumkh should direct the attention of students of tribal India to a fruitful area of investigation. One would have liked to hear more from the author about the magical beliefs and practices of the Dafla and, especially, of the Apa Tani, in view of his earlier assertion that there is a positive correlation between a stable economy and the emergence of magical and ritual specialists. The Naga philosophy of headhunting is summarily dismissed in an unclear sentence on page 100 and there is no discussion at all of totemism in the context of taboos and supernatural sanctions. But these are matters of ethnographic detail.

Whether or not a coherent concept of morality emerges from these accounts out of which the "Elements of a Moral System" (Chapter 8) are discerned is a more complex matter. Before considering it, however, a few questions must be raised about Professor Haimendorf's depiction of Hindu morality as narrowly, and very nearly exclusively, caste morality. His own field experience among the Hindus is, it should be noted, confined to the high caste groups of Brahmins, Thakuris and Chetris of Nepal. Moreover, his generalizations about the nature of Hindu society are tentative ones. These limitations notwithstanding, Professor Haimendorf asserts that for the Hindu there is no morality sufficiently universal to be applicable to all human groups; more particularly, the Chetris of Nepal, sharing the general Hindu idea of the relativity of moral conduct, evaluate conduct in interpersonal relations in a predominantly legalistic manner.

The burden of his argument, of which the Chetris are an extreme example, is that the ethics of an individual's conduct in Hindu caste society can be analysed with reference to two sets of norms: rules of caste enforced by strong social sanctions and related primarily to the maintenance or loss of ritual purity; and a general moral code which has some validity for members of all castes and which is upheld not by the authority of caste or state but by considerations of accumulation or decrease of religious merit. The philosophical sources of these two sets of norms are, according to Professor Haimendorf, respectively belief in *dharma* and *karman*. Discussion of these and other metaphysical concepts by Indian anthropologists has, with some notable exceptions, had a disconcerting history. Professor Haimendorf's distinction between the concept of *dharma* and that of *karman* is inconsistent with Hindu metaphysics. This, however, may be justifiable in the face of the meaning attached to them by practising Hindus whom he encountered, and in view also of the anthropologist's general preference for popular ideology over abstract Hindu philosophy. But his narrow interpretation of *dharma* as the Hindu's "moral order of his caste" is not borne out by the ideology of a large number of Hindus in India for whom it is a much more general concept referring not only to conformity with caste rules but also with a universal moral code enjoining the practice of such virtues as leading a generous and selfless life, not speaking untruth, being above greed and so on. North Indian villagers often speak of day-to-day moral dilemmas, not necessarily pertaining to caste rules, as "crises of *dharma*" (*dharmasankata*). In his study of a multi-caste village in Mysore Alan Beals noted the presence of a conflict in the mind of villagers in regard to practices condoned by caste morality but immoral in respect of the universalistic ethical tenets of Hinduism, e.g., meat-eating by members of non-Brahmin high castes. Nor is the quest for merit (*punya*) among the Hindus everywhere a narrowly religious ideal, motivated by belief in the transmigration of souls according to the *karman* theory. The belief in transmigration itself, when seen in relation to the caste structure, is capable of many refractions. The lower castes, the sweepers of north India for example, do not explain their low status as a synthesis of multiple individual rebirths reflecting punishment for deeds in past lives, but in terms of communal pseudo-history, ascribing it therefore to group destiny rather than individual fate.

The difficulty in Professor Haimendorf's understanding of Hindu morality stems from his failure to give full weight to universalistic Hindu ethics which, whether calculated to gain merit or springing from the dictates of conscience, can coexist with caste morality. His belief that the Chetris of Nepal, because of their relative isolation from modern developments, are truer representatives of traditional Hindu society, seems to reflect a "substantialist fallacy". The spectrum of morality in Indian caste society is much wider than that implied by the author. A more generally applicable classification of norms for Hindu society as a whole would be, on the one hand, those relating to caste morality, involving the idea of purity and pollution, and on the other hand, those enjoining the practice of Hindu virtues whether or not they lead to the accumulation of merit for one's next birth. Notions of the latter order—for one's elders, for truth, non-violence, &c.—are sufficiently strong to affect the quality of interpersonal relationships. The point about the existence of the medieval *bhakti* movements and of the appeal of Gandhian ideas in our own time precisely that they derive to a large extent from these generalized moral values. Seen in this perspective the author's distinction between ritual and social reform loses much of its meaning. Social reformers, even castes, was, for Gandhi, "applied religion", and the masses understood what he was saying. Despite the substantial impact of the West in generating social reform in India, is questionable whether the Indian nationalist movement would have taken the form it did take had there been no basis for it in the traditional value system.

Professor Haimendorf's closely argued contribution to, perhaps, his discussion of morality in the quest for merit among the Buddhist societies. As Mary Wright pointed out in *New Society* in a recent review of the book, the principal value of Professor Haimendorf's study is that it provides a factual basis for philosophical speculation about morality; but to go on to obtain a cross-cultural description of moral systems the author should have offered a more convincing theoretical justification for isolating certain themes in different cultures. Without such justification his analysis, as distinct from his description, tends to lose conviction.

But the book remains a fine study of a neglected aspect of South Asian social anthropology by an eminently suited to undertake a salutary influence of his own work of the subjective bias of the western anthropologist studying morality in the book. *Morals and Merit* undoubtedly suggest valuable lines to anyone intrigued by the phenomenon of trans-cultural morality.

A comparative sociologist may be, *is* a great indologist, with a knowledge of his subject and a felicity to convey that knowledge with economical vigour. Concentration on his methodological oddities, where necessary, should not obscure the fact that this is a book that brilliantly displays the apparent irrationalities, traditions and ambiguities existing in the caste institutions as part of a consistent system, capable, in its traditional form, of providing its individual components with almost unique clear guidance to their rights and duties. As such, it brings caste vividly to life, and raises the discussion of its significance to a new level.

INDIA'S PECULIAR INSTITUTION

LOUIS DUMONT: *Homo hierarchicus.* Essai sur le système des castes. 445pp. Paris: Gallimard. 32fr.

Despite the massive amount of information now accumulated about the caste system in India, there is still no firm agreement among scholars on how caste originated or why it has persisted, with remarkably little fundamental change, for so long. Still less is there agreement about the essential function which caste has performed in the total social order. After reading the main works of analysis and interpretation, one is still left with the feeling that this is not only a unique but also a very peculiar institution.

Both the racist and the economic explanations of caste are now discredited, although each has its contribution to offer. Racial conquest and economic exploitation have both produced social stratification, but neither, *per se*, can be held responsible for a system of hierarchical interdependence so complex, so "irrational", so resistant to change, and so meticulously prescriptive. Nor is Marx's "Asiatic mode of production" of much heuristic help, since such a mode, even if it can be regarded as a distinct one (a point on which Marxist scholars still disagree) is clearly compatible with a great variety of social and ideological "superstructures". The traditional Indian society, in fact, has been a notorious stumbling-block for general theorists of all kinds.

It is therefore not surprising that modern students of caste (reflecting, no doubt with some relief, a general tendency in sociological studies) have almost ceased to look for global explanations. Most of them are content enough if they can produce convincing analyses of caste's *modus operandi* in particular regions or localities, or isolate and describe the effects on the institution of the various features of India's current efforts at modernization. The author of the present book, however, is an exception to this rule. He believes that, in general westerners have failed to penetrate the essence of the caste system because they have been unable or unwilling to detach themselves sufficiently from liberal and egalitarian preconceptions. To put themselves *en rapport* with caste, they need to do a Tocqueville in reverse. He, a royalist, put himself imaginatively in the shoes of an American democrat, and by doing so gained a clearer view of the essence of democracy than democrats themselves could attain. Similarly, only if a westerner, by an effort of imagination, can transform himself temporarily from Homo Aequalis into Homo Hierarchicus will he begin to see what caste is all about.

This may seem a prescription as simple as the distinction between the two varieties of Homo (on which M. Dumont lays so much stress) is naïve. The reader may also feel inclined to question whether Professor Dumont's claim to have succeeded in this operation (for, without being baldly stated, such a claim is implicit in much of the language he uses) is justified by his possession of a special understanding, denied to most other scholars, of the spirit of Indian civilization. Nevertheless, this work, for all its eccentricities, seems to give the reader more of an inside view of the Indian caste system than most other treatises on the subject by non-Indians. Something, evidently, has been gained by the abandonment of those current western sociological concepts that M. Dumont regards as an obstacle rather than an aid to the acquisition of real knowledge about India. Even the English reader, who is likely to find his mode of expression rather difficult, cannot but feel something of the excitement that attends any journey into a mysterious interior.

This may be because M. Dumont, unlike most of his fellow-westerners, positively admires the caste system. One would not like to assert this categorically, for the delight that he displays in its extraordinary ramifications may well be the product of precisely that kind of imaginative projection which he recommends to his readers, rather than of any real sympathy. But suspicions of *parti pris* are aroused by the rather tortured efforts that he makes, in his last two chapters, to refute the views of those who claim that caste, in its essential characteristics, is being seriously undermined by the progressive westernization of Indian society. To do this, he distinguishes between "changement *dans* la société" and "changement *de* la société", and tries to prove that whereas India is experiencing (not for the first time) the former, she is not experiencing, nor is likely to experience, the latter. All the phenomena (such as urbanization) which seem to be weakening caste, as well as those (such as the formation of caste associations with political purposes) which seem to be changing its nature and role, are regarded by M. Dumont as peripheral.

Les valeurs de caste [he writes] enveloppent et englobent les ferments modernes. Le désir de sécurité et les vieilles solidarités l'emportent sur les velléités d'indépendance. On ne saurait trouver meilleure démonstration à ce jour de l'impuissance de l'éducation moderne et des transformations économiques et sociales à ébranler le système traditionnel.

The reason is that caste constitutes a firmly-based yet flexible ideological system which, without changing its essence, can accommodate itself to a great variety of political and social situations. Indeed, from the standpoint of this ideology, the polity and the economy themselves are, as M. Dumont says, "régions mineures".

This extraordinary supposition that the caste system, because it adjusted itself successfully to the comparatively marginal innovations introduced by the Moghuls or even the British, can adjust itself with equal success to the world-wide politico-economic revolution of the twentieth century, appears to be a product of the contempt for "mere" materialism that M. Dumont shares with the traditional Indian civilization itself. For him, the culture-religious complex we call caste is a means (among other things) of regulating and making sense of the material environment; it is not conditioned by that environment—not, at least, to the extent of being open to fundamental transformation or annihilation as a result of radical environmental changes. M. Dumont, it is evident, envisages a relationship between "basis" and "superstructure" which is the very reverse of the Marxist one—although he himself would certainly not put the matter this way. Ideology, for him, is the very essence of a way of life; and India's "caste" is so well-established as to be virtually timeless. (Here, again, he seems to accept as well as to expound, in the manner of a participant observer, a trait of the traditional Indian civilization: its indifference to mere history). Hence there is no need to seek the origins of the caste system in anything other than the values that the system itself expresses and embodies. In terms of these values, it is consistent and self-explanatory—a form of "collective representation" which must be treated as a basic datum. Bougle, the only other internationally-recognized French expert on Indian caste, defined those values, in his *Essai sur les castes* (1908), in terms of the separation, hierarchical arrangement and interdependence of hereditary social groups. M. Dumont goes further than his master by reducing everything, in the last analysis, to the principle of the opposition between the pure and the impure. From this "opposition fondamentale" most of the rest flows.

Yet although the basic principle is a simple one, the complicated forms in which it finds expression in India are regarded by M. Dumont as no less essential to the existence of a "true" caste system—to such an extent that he comes perilously near to saying that genuine caste institutions are to be found in India alone. This inevitably narrows his perspective. He himself admits that "certains diraient même que nous nous enfermons dans l'indologie et rendons la comparaison impossible". Although he rejects this accusation, there is much justice in it; for his efforts at comparison are indeed extremely weak, being based on a distinction between Homo Aequalis ("Western" man) and Homo Hierarchicus ("Indian" man) which attains neither sociological sophistication nor historical depth.

In short, this is a book about caste which, methodologically, is almost as peculiar as the institution itself. Yet it should certainly not be written off as an exercise in eccentricity; for, whatever M. Dumont's deficiencies as a comparative sociologist may be, how the caste councils function, and how the first time exam-

LAND OF THE LONELY CONSCIENCE

KURT STADLER: *Österreich 1938-1945.* Im Spiegel der Ns-Akten. 427pp. Munich: Herold. DM. 34.80.

Kurt Stadler's book forms a factual background to Miss Sarah Gainham's recent novel on Vienna, *Night falls on the City*. It is a detailed report on the attitudes of the Austrians during the Anschluss and the last war, based on a detailed use of the Gestapo reports on Austria. The purpose of the book is to show that the "Lonely Conscience" was lying in Austria. The basic contention of the author, a left-wing political, is that any kind of opposition inside the Third Reich can be regarded as resistance short of the Nazi claim to total resistance.

The author immediately comes up against the difficulty of defining "resistance". It would have been the study of the leaders of the First Republic to court risks for themselves and their contacts by actively organizing resistance, and Herr Stadler speaks of "non-violent" resistance. He admits that the common burden of persecution did not lead to a gathering away of traditional political ideas and groups and failed to produce a "Community of Resistance" comprising the whole people.

There were contacts between the various political groups but there was no common resistance effort. There was "resistance" on the right and "resistance" on the left. The requirements of underground work demanded homogeneous small groups of like-minded persons. By and large, Herr Stadler argues, the three main groups, Catholic-Conservative and Socialist, emerged from Nazi rule cleansed and intact but inactive.

Most of the reports quoted and analysed by the author deal with people in the eastern provinces of Austria and these districts have been socialist strongholds since the end of the nineteenth century. Inevitably, such an approach therefore portrays a somewhat lopsided picture and not enough is known about resistance" in conservative and German western Austria.

The reports show that the Gestapo had at its disposal a vast army of enthusiastic informants for whom nothing was too mean and unimportant to mention. Most of them were Austrians. This suggests two things: that Nazi sentiments were widespread and active support—the end of the war, that the subjects of the reports did deliberate risks in showing the slightest deviation from conformity. As the war dragged on and the prospects of victory faded, more and more people started not to care. Among them were many enforced or voluntary Party members.

No one arrives at the resigned conclusion that anything and everything that was reported—from saying that the Germans could not win to taking a Polish slave-worker or French P.O.W. to bed—was "resistance". In a Burgenland village it was reported that farmers said they were sorry for the Polish P.O.Ws who marched barefoot through their village in the dead of winter. As for the Jews, a tailor's apprentice was arrested in a tobacconist's in a Vienna working-class district for saying: "We can expect a famine. Hitler will disappear, the Jews will come to power, and that could be our salvation." Finally there was an instruction by the Reich Ministry of Justice of February 5, 1945, to shoot all remaining Jews and half-Jews and erase all vestiges of the executions.

The Gestapo and its Austrian informers worked overtime until well into 1944. At the end of that year 13,024 people were in jail for having committed various forms of treason. In April 1943 there were only 8,186. Between 1939 and 1943 the number of executions rose from ninety-nine to 5,336 (but the latter figure includes slave workers). In October 1944 five members of the Vienna Fire Brigades were bound to posts in the presence of all members of the Brigade, lined up in an open square. But only two of them were shot and killed. The other three were fired at with blank cartridges and reprieved to life imprisonment.

Austria has, inevitably, a singular and peculiar record. It was at the same time an occupying and an occupied country. Some 350,000 Austrians were killed fighting in the German Army. They fought bravely. Austrians dropped on Crete and made up the bulk of the garrison at Cassino. The Vienna Infantry fought to the last man at Stalingrad; the Mountain Regiments excelled in their performance in the Caucasus. Yet, perhaps because of that, the relatives of these men were quite ready to shoot off their mouths in pride and pessimism, two very Austrian qualities.

So the book leaves the impression that much was mumbled or said, a few things were done and it all amounted to very little as far as the war itself was concerned. But all this mattered a great deal to those involved and those on the fringes of resistance because it made them feel that they were not altogether robots and could occasionally think for themselves—like the Viennese workman reported as saying in 1940 that England would win the war because she had always won wars.

AUSTRO-MARXISTS

JULIUS BRAUNTHAL: *Victor und Friedrich Adler.* Zwei Generationen Arbeiterbewegung. 341pp. Vienna: Wiener Volksbuchhandlung.

Of all the Marxist dynasties of Central Europe, that of the Adlers, who played a crucial role in Austrian social democracy, is probably least known to English-speaking readers. Victor Adler, the founder of the Austrian Social Democratic party, was in many ways typical of the progressive Jewish intelligentsia of Vienna. He was born in Bohemia; his father was a merchant who had graduated from the *yeshiva* to the University of Prague; his grandfather had been a poverty-stricken artisan in the ghetto. Friedrich, the son, was totally assimilated. He was born in Vienna, in the apartment which was later to be the home of Sigmund Freud, studied science and in 1908 applied for the post of professor of physics at Zürich. The selectors preferred his fellow-student, Alfred Einstein, a choice which finally persuaded him to follow in his father's political footsteps.

Victor Adler was clearly an outstanding political manager. He welded together a mass party out of disparate sects and made it, despite his country's industrial backwardness, second only to the German party in electoral strength. He was not a dogmatist: he admired Eduard Bernstein, the chief apostle of German revisionism, but disapproved of his tactics which threatened to split the movement. He had no time at all for Rosa Luxemburg and her "hysterical materialism". Friedrich was a first-class scientist, which was rare among the leaders of international socialism, and, as a follower of Ernst Mach, close to the Vienna Circle of philosophers, which was even rarer. He was also, after 1918, the chief inspirer of the short-lived "2½ International" in an effort to provide a rallying point for the left-wing opponents of Bolshevism.

Though Herr Braunthal records these activities, he does not dig very deep. He has written a moving memoir based on personal knowledge and quotes extensively from (mainly published) letters and speeches. We discover much about his subjects' characters, less about their achievements: here, for anyone with nostalgia for hansom cabs on the Ringstrasse, is *Sozialdemokratie mit Schlagohren*. This is a pity. We need to know much more of what made Austro-Marxism tick and Herr Braunthal is one of the few survivors who can tell us.

CATHOLICS IN THE MIDDLE

KARL BACHEM: *Die Deutsche Zentrumspartei 1917-1923.* 651pp. Düsseldorf: Droste. DM.48.

This monumental work about a mere two years of the history of the German Centre Party by one of the two authors of *Die Ende der Parteien*, though valuable to specialists, is scarcely of general importance. It is true that the six years were highly critical ones in German history and possibly most of all for the Catholic party. In 1910 the Catholics comprised 36.7 per cent of the German population, but although this was a majority it had since Bismarck's days lived on the political defensive and had lingered in its so-called party until the end of the monarchy; after all, the Prussian flavour of imperial Germany was strongly Catholic. With the emergence of the Republic of Weimar the Centre became indispensable part of every coalition government; indeed, regarding the protection of religious rights and needs as the very reason for its existence its leaders were interested in politics for their own sake and the party therefore was less united. Indeed, its members broke away in 1920. Although this was taken too seriously by contemporaries, and although the Vatican viewed the division has remained from that day to this—in the Federal Republic the Bavarian Christian Union has succeeded the Bayrische Volkspartei, which played the same role.

The reasons given for the Bavarian Party were unlike those of the more left-looking and more unitary attitude of Catholic politicians like Erzberger. For he had little patience with the near-separatism of the Bavarians which they so oddly combined with extreme German chauvinism. It may be noted here that the Centre Party, although accused of sympathizing with separatism in the Rhineland, never did so.

The unfortunate Erzberger was a notoriously difficult colleague. A more attractive figure on the left of the Centre Party was Joseph Wirth, a former schoolmaster from Baden. Warmly backed by President Ebert, he was appointed head of the government in May, 1921, at forty-one the youngest man to have been German Chancellor. He was one of the few enthusiastic supporters of the Republic outside the ranks of the Socialist Party. He was indeed on unconventionally good terms with many Socialists; into the bargain he became great friends with Rathenau, being, as Dr. Morsey says, fascinated by the complications of Rathenau's personality. The Centre Party as a whole had little sympathy for Wirth's demagogy, as its members would have said, and they did not much approve of Wirth's appointment of Rathenau as Foreign Minister. When Rathenau was murdered they rallied to Wirth's support, but they did not really welcome his famous cry: Dr. Morsey heads one section "Der Feind: steht rechts! aber nur für Wirth". But it should not be forgotten that Wirth's genuinely popular appeal and his appeal to the young were assets which the Centre otherwise lacked. On the other hand the rapprochement with the Soviet Union through the Treaty of Rapallo, for which Wirth was responsible, and the parallel German-Russian military cooperation of which he knew, lost him that Socialist support which he had hitherto enjoyed.

After heading two consecutive governments between May, 1921, and November, 1922, Wirth was obliged to resign with Germany on the brink of the crisis year of 1923. After Stresemann had saved the country, late in 1923 an older, less controversial Centre Party leader, Wilhelm Marx, became Chancellor until January, 1925. The recovery of Germany seemed to owe much to him; if there had not been a Communist candidate he would undoubtedly have been elected President of the Republic instead of Hindenburg in 1925. This shows how far the Centre had moved since 1917. On the other hand, in Dr. Morsey's view, it had by the time of the "era of Marx" moved to the right and settled down to a less determined defence of the Republic. The emphasis was now, he claims, put upon the slogan of *Volksgemeinschaft* which, as it was intended that it should, attracted support rather from the right than from the left, but seemed to put an end to the friction between left and right within the party.

Fiction (*continued*)

SEWING IT UP

BEN STOLTZFUS: *The Eye of the Needle.* 178pp. Faber and Faber. 25s.

When the narrator of this first novel wants technical advice on the assembly of his story he goes right to the top, to God, who takes the job over himself and proves that he, at least, believes Alain Robbe-Grillet to be on the right track. It is no surprise that Mr. Stoltzfus, a professor of French in America, should have learnt so much from a novelist he has written a book about, but it is odd that he has not used the borrowed techniques more rigorously.

The Eye of the Needle only gets under way once the narrator has abandoned conventional methods of writing about his past, and the alien power to whom he surrenders his responsibility is simply that of free association. The book is therefore an uninterrupted sequence of mental pictures, which it is up to the reader to conceptualize, by concentrating both on the form each one takes and the order in which they occur. But Mr. Stoltzfus, who is presumably not writing the language he was born into, refuses to restrict himself to a suitably pictorial prose; far from cleansing himself of emotive adjectives or metaphors, he often uses them to excess. This is surely cheating, since he can in this way vary the intensity of the narrator's imaginings from outside, by linguistic or rhetorical means.

The novel's theme is guilt, as the book itself is a confession. In the early pages the narrator's mind returns again and again to the picture of a woman sewing, and the movement of her needle, together with the fact that she is making a mark on an otherwise virgin handkerchief, grows increasingly erotic, until the entire imagery of the book has been brutally polarized between guilt and innocence, or dark and light. The source of the guilt in the narrator is sexual, but his personal conflict between lust and the fear of hell-fire is soon absorbed into a much more extensive racial and religious one, between pagans and Christians, Nazis and Jews.

From this troubled centre *The Eye of the Needle* radiates very coherently, but it seems to go wrong when it flops down from the mythical to the historical. Moreover it does not really pose the reader enough problems; Mr. Stoltzfus relies on the well-established parallel between the novel and the monologue of the patient on the psychiatrist's couch, but his narrator does not make a good patient because the screen-memories behind which he ought to be hiding turn out too often to be transparent.

BLOWING IT UP

PAUL FERRIS: *The Dam.* 186pp. Hutchinson. 25s.

The proposition which Mr. Ferris seeks to demonstrate in *The Dam* is familiar to the point of being banal: that the overriding human need is for a cause, a cause to which the individual can devote himself without any counting of cost and which can thus be made to justify the inanities of existence.

But causes of the right sort, the ones capable of taking the self-love out of you as suction draws dust out of a hearthrug—these have become hard to find. Some of the characters here are still looking hopefully round. The main one, Owen Barber, a young middle-aged bachelor Welshman, a civil engineer who is working on the Gwylfan dam which will divert more Celtic water down Anglo-Saxon water-closets, has found, or persuades himself that he has found, the answer to his problem in Welsh Nationalism. Miriam Fish, a clergyman's daughter new to journalism and young enough for enthusiasm, writes passionately in her paper on behalf of the seedy Mr. Montpelier, a newsagent evicted from his shop by the needs—as demanding as those of the water-closets—of an advancing motorway.

Other characters have abandoned the search. Owen's brother, an up-and-coming telly personality, consoles himself with success and extra-marital sex in the person—televisual, exuding a bloodless, automated seductiveness—of Eileen Ap Morgan. Laurence Verity, the chief reporter on Miriam's paper, accepts the disillusionment which the antics of his wife and daughter—twee and promiscuous respectively—force upon him.

The dam, of course, has to be blown up—or at any rate dented. Owen finds the gelignite and after tussles with some farcical-sinister members of the Free Wales Army, manages to keep hold of it. At the end Owen, rather half-heartedly, goes to bed with Rose, his brother's wife, the only one of the bunch blessed—if that is the word—with clear-sightedness, and on the morning after the Gwylfan dam has duly taken its knock and Owen's partner in sabotage has been killed, she derides him with "You can't have a fight for freedom without people getting hurt. Or isn't it a fight for freedom after all? It's more than you bargained for. You've been running away all these years, and now look where you've run to".

This book has moments of intelligence and sharp observation. It is weakened by a certain raggedness, an inability—or perhaps a disinclination—on the author's part to make any determined attempt at pulling it together. The characters bump into one another and plunge off along their various tangents like so many billiard balls.

PLAYING IT UP

BENNY GREEN: *Blame It on my Youth.* 180pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 30s.

NIK COHN: *I Am still the Greatest Says Johnny Angelo.* 191pp. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

It would be a pity to use Benny Green's novel to destroy Nik Cohn's. True, both books have a musician of sorts as the central character, and both writers are music critics, but there the resemblance ends.

Blame It on my Youth is a deceptively simple fictional account of Benny Green's boyhood as a would-be professional tenor-player followed by a period as sole writer on a show-biz weekly. The style is chatty, amusing, intelligent:

So far as I was able to make out, Roth's father appeared to have come to some kind of arrangement with God, whereby he consented to worship God, providing God agreed to worship him in return.

The plot twists like a preizel, leaving Benny Green more bewildered than the reader—there is as particularly well-constructed lease in Part Three where the narrator, though giving us all the facts, never discovers himself that his friend Kaufman fled the country after getting a girl pregnant. It is a pity that there is so little about actually playing jazz in this book. Benny Green is obviously one of the few people sufficiently qualified to describe how a jazz musician develops or fails to develop.

The story of Nik Cohn's tedious and mucky fantasy such as it is, differs only in its intensity of unpleasantness from such other pop epics as *Myself for Fame* and *All Night Stand*. One entire chapter is devoted to the hero, aged nine, catching flies and tearing their wings off, keeping them till they rot, then feeding them to his pet budgie, then stoning the budgie to death, then feeding it to his pet cat, which is then poisoned by his sisters. This gratuitous sensationalism goes on throughout the whole book. Characters are forever stabbing or razor-slashing each other, beating each other to a pulp, or vomiting. The reader may feel inclined to share the latter activity.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Art and Architecture

GREEN, MARGARET. *Hampshire Churches.* 172pp. Winchester: Winton Publications. 21s.

Hampshire churches are here grouped in fifteen regions (each prefaced by a sketch-map) for the help of tourists in the county with an interest in church architecture and furnishings. Based on a recent survey, the book has much more information about these churches than would be found in the guidebooks, and those with special interests will appreciate the classified lists of particular features—armour, brasses, medieval tiles, murals and so on—with their location. A well-designed and attractively illustrated book which covers some new ground.

Josef Herman: Paintings and Drawings. Introduction by Edwin Mullins. 45pp. 31 plates. Evelyn, Adams and Mackay. £3 10s.

This book provides a representative selection from Mr. Josef Herman's paintings and drawings of manual workers and their environment which have a distinguished and individual place in contemporary British art. An appreciative introduction by Mr. Edwin Mullins discusses the artist's development in the twenty years covered by the reproductions and the qualities in which his originality lies. It is a justifiable conclusion that he is concerned with the ideal in the sense that he generalizes in both form and content. Though a Welsh mining village where he spent some years gave a direction to his painting, he has never been a "social realist" or one to comment on the miner's lot. He does not necessarily show the worker at work—often an appropriate title would seem to be "Contemplative Figure", a description as applicable to his field-labourers, peasants and fishermen as to his miners. He avoids the assertively proletarian gestures of the Belgian Expressionist, Permeke, who, however, evidently influenced Mr. Herman's work at one stage. The drawings in particular display a feeling for the sculptural massiveness of form rather than Expressionist exaggeration. Of his colour it is well observed that "there is gold in the grey". Some reservations may be felt about the wording of his quoted dictum that "To be truly relevant art must provoke thought and stimulate feeling rather than delight the senses", but it may be interpreted as his personal aim of depicting a basic humanity without inappropriate embellishment.

MYERS, BERNARD S. *Art and Civilization.* 423pp. Paul Hamlyn. £4 4s.

A revised edition of the book by Dr. Myers which first appeared ten years ago, tracing the development of the visual arts in relation to their environment. Substantial alterations have been made in the text to the sections on the Far East and on modern painting, sculpture, and architecture. The visual presentation has been redesigned with good effect and the wealth of illustration is a special feature. More than 100 black-and-whites have been added, others changed for better views of architecture and sculpture. An extra 100 colour subjects include a number of outstanding works not often seen in reproduction. There is an extensive bibliography, a glossary and full index. The whole is a remarkably comprehensive work of general reference, its twenty-seven sections ranging from prehistoric painting to mid-twentieth-century Op art, from Stonehenge to Brasilia.

Biography and Memoirs

ANDERSON, KENNETH. *The Tiger Roars.* 219pp. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

India is the setting, sahib the central character. So, as you could expect, these slices of memoir turn on man-eating tigers and the like. This is all exciting. Mr. Anderson includes, however, encounters with a dacoit and some mysteries of the east. There is, too, a moving account of the death of an aged elephant.

EELLS, GEORGE. *The Life that Late He Led.* A Biography of Cole Porter. 383pp. W. H. Allen. £2 5s.

This is a fascinating biography in the true sense: it makes absorbing reading about a rather repellent subject, American "show biz". The society it depicts is extravagant and has only one normative value, success. But the central character, though subscribing to that value, has a strain of something nobler, as was shown in the courage with which he faced the long years of pain and ill health that followed a riding accident when he was forty-six. Both legs were crushed so badly that amputation was advised. Sheer will power staved this off and kept him alive and working for another twenty-six years. Cole Porter had no illusions about the nature of his talent, which was for ephemeral songs in musical comedy and film: what his biographer calls his "no praise—no good" psychology included the recognition that his compositions dated. Rather more about his musical life and talent, however, would have been welcome: we learn that he liked playing piano duets but not much about his taste. The book is written too much in the style of the publicity agent, but its marshalling of facts and dates is that of an historian and sometimes the character drawing, as of Porter's wife, strikes the reader as at once sympathetic and judicious.

EWEN, DAVID. *Leonard Bernstein.* 175pp. W. H. Allen. 25s.

"Like a shoestring catch in the centrefield—make it and you're a hero. Muff it and you're a dope. Bernstein made it", was the *New York Daily News's* tribute to Bernstein's debut in 1943 (a lucky break when Bruno Walter was taken ill). He was then the youngest man ever to conduct the New York Philharmonic. Mr. Ewen's tribute, also very much in the popular style, describes how this intended heir to the flourishing family beauty parlour supply business came to make it and what happened when he went on making it. Those whose interest in Mr. Bernstein (or "Lenny" as Mr. Ewen usually calls him) is matched by a taste for the prolonged, adulatory panegyric will find something to interest them here.

SEMMLER, CLEMENT. *The Banjo of the Bush.* 263pp. Angus and Robertson. 42s.

Rough-rider, journalist, celebrity, and a score of other things besides, A. B. Paterson collected many Australian bush ballads and wrote many more of his own, including "Waltzing Matilda". In this energetic biography Mr. Semmler digs deep into his writings to catch the flavour of his work and to present his reactions to men and events. Paterson brought a clear Australian eye to bear on Churchill, Allenby and French. He had something to say on everything from the sport of kings down under to Cairo in the First World War.

Education

MORRISH, IVOR. *Disciplines of Education.* 336pp. Allen and Unwin. £2. (Paperback, 28s.)

As long as there are examinations there will be books summarizing lives and giving gobbets about great men and their works. This one goes deeper than most and has a good bibliography to each of its sections as well as the usual well-intentioned synopses, from Plato to Skinner and Karl Mannheim.

PEEL, MARIE. *Seeing to the Heart.* 296pp. Chatto and Windus. 35s. (Paperback, 18s.)

Student teachers who want to know how to apply the attractive ideals of creativity and imagination to their teaching of English to young children, can add this book to a growing booklist. Sometimes Miss Peel seems cavalier in her rejection of a certain poem or a certain author but on the whole she is as reasonable and persuasive as she is practical.

Gardening

ROPER, LANNING. *The Sunday Times Gardening Book.* 240pp. Nelson. £3 3s.

During the past five years Mr. Lanning Roper's articles in *The Sunday Times* have been a weekly joy to gardeners. But Sunday papers are apt to get used for lighting Monday's bonfire, and all the valuable advice goes up in smoke. So here is what we have been waiting for—the best of the articles between two covers.

Mr. Lanning Roper is an artist: he knows exactly how to balance the brightness of flower colours with the subtlety of foliage, the empty spaces of lawn with those of planted areas, low bushy shrubs with tall trees, fat rounded plant forms with thin spiky ones. His knowledge of unusual plants is vast, but this does not prevent him from advocating the use of the humblest cottage flowers in places where their charm is welcome. When good taste and wide knowledge are backed by personal experience, the reader's confidence is assured and he can feel that the advice given is sound. The author writes clearly and vividly, his instructions are easy to follow, and he conveys his enthusiasm and real love of gardening to his readers.

The book is well produced, has a very thorough index, the black-and-white photographs are clear and excellent, and the colour plates rather better than most, except for the one opposite page 92, where the "rich lilac and parma violet" of the rose Rose-Marie Viaud have come out pink. The only other complaint is that for a book which does not mention large-flowered chrysanthemums, it seems odd to choose a huge blown-up photograph of a bright yellow chrysanthemum as dust-cover.

History

GAY, PETER and the Editors of Time-Life Books. *Age of Enlightenment.* 192pp. Time-Life International. 36s.

Advances in colour photography, and perhaps too the influence of the small screen, are producing more and more books whose first appeal is to the eye. *Age of Enlightenment* is first and foremost a handsome picture-book which sets out to convey visually the spirit and achievements of its century. The subdued rich colouring of many of these pictures, as in "The Rake's Progress" series and the scenes illustrating the Grand Tour, is satisfying to the eye. For those willing to go a little deeper there is Professor Gay's scholarly text with its comprehensive account of the philosophical thought, the social moods and the artistic accomplishments of the Enlightenment.

ROVER, CONSTANCE. *The Punch Book of Women's Rights.* 127pp. Hutchinson. 35s.

It has been a long century from the day when for many a young girl the alternative to semi-starvation as a seamstress was a marriage which offered a reasonable chance of getting the side of her husband's boot on her head on a Saturday night, to that in which she is free to choose between being a nursery school helper and a Bunny, with marriage in either case a dead cert. Dr. Rover, who has told the story of the struggle for women's rights in her *Women's Suffrage and Party Politics, 1866-1914*, has now charted it through 100 years of cartoons and comments in *Punch*. There could be few better sources for non-scientific social history—including that of *Punch* itself. The early Radical Journal, in which, it is not always remembered, "The Song of the Shirt" was first published, has had its moments of bone-headedness and its decades of the comfiest kind of snobbery, and it is no farther ahead of the thinking of its age today than in mid-Victoriana (see the cartoon on married women teachers).

But the heart has usually been true, in the sense of being quick to take the part of the oppressed, and the head was always liable to revolt at the sheer idiocy of some of the opposition to the votes for women campaign. How it regarded the total senselessness of the more extreme militants in the campaign Dr. Rover does not tell us. Even at this distance one wonders intermittently what would have been the consequences if the "martyr" Emily Davison, who threw herself in front of the King's horse at the 1913 Derby, had got off with a few broken ribs and contrived to kill the jockey. Or even; in a hippophilic society, the horse.

Philosophy

DE LUBICZ, ISHA SCHWALLER. *Her-bak, Egyptian Initiate.* Translated by Sir Ronald Fraser. 220pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 35s.

Her-bak, a young Egyptian whose earliest training has been described in *Her-bak Chick Pea*, is in this book put through a course of further education which initiates him into the secrets of Egyptian temple wisdom. He and his fellow initiates engage in instruction by conversation with various teachers who are given vague titles, the Sage, the Astronomer, the Master, the Symbolist, and so on. The story is told almost in the form of a Platonic dialogue, and there can be little doubt that the author's intention is that it should provide a progressive exposition of Egyptian thought. But the thought purveyed here is a far cry from what can be determined from a matter-of-fact study of Egyptian writings. It is an interpretation wholly personal to the author. Much is fanciful and based on shaky philological ideas; the whole is esoteric and symbolist. It is hard to know how to classify the book, and it is harder to decide for what audience it is intended. It is scarcely a novel, although it is very imaginative; it is not a treatise on Egyptian thought, although it is ostensibly about Egyptian ideas. It is, however, hard reading, in spite of being well and smoothly translated by Sir Ronald Fraser.

Psychology

BROWN, OLIVE LYLL. *Your Innate Power.* 121pp. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

The author's philosophy is based upon the teachings of Dr. W. H. Bates, the opthalmologist whose methods greatly impressed Aldous Huxley, F. Matthias Alexander, the prophet of "constructive conscious control", and Dr. Roger Vittoz, a Swiss psychiatrist who claims to have discovered a hitherto unknown variety of brain vibrations. She outlines a method of re-education based on their work which is alleged to provide relief from fatigue and tension and to increase sensory awareness, emotional fulfilment and self-control.

There is no doubt that some people have been helped by methods of this kind, which place stress on improved habits of posture and movement, muscular relaxation, and the improvement of concentration and control through systematic exercises. At the same time, it should be clearly understood that the physiological basis of these methods is very little understood, and that claims about "special kinds of vibration" and the like should be treated with the utmost scepticism. Further, like most writers on re-educational topics, the writer cites no figures and seems not to appreciate the need for controlled experiment in assessing the value of the therapy she advocates.

Railways

NOCK, O. S. *The G.W.R. Stars, Castles and Kings.* Part I: 1906-1930. 159pp. David and Charles. £2 2s.

A full and (for all true railwaymen) fascinating examination of the great years at Swindon when George Jackson Churchward was transforming the locomotive stud. Mr. Nock has come across some extremely interesting new material and those who think they know all about Churchward's "Stars" and "Castles" and C. B. Collett's "Kings" may be in for a surprise. A special treat is the chapter on "The Great Bear", that massive Pacific built long before Pacifics were fashionable in Britain, which is accompanied by some original design drawings by Mr. F. W. Hawksworth (later Chief Mechanical Engineer of the Great Western) who worked with Churchward on the project. A second volume describing the later development on "Kings" and "Castles" is to come.

Religion

SPENCER, SEYMOUR. *"The Good That I Would. . .".* 125pp. Darton, Longman and Todd. 6s.

This volume in the "Where We Stand" series, which is intended to provide an introduction to theological and moral questions for college students, is concerned with the impediments to free moral responsibility and is written by a psychiatrist who has both academic and clinical experience. His starting point is that "it is valueless for Christians of today to act as if Freud and his successors had added nothing to our understanding of the springs of human behaviour. It is even less realistic to assume hopelessly that psychoanalysis has made nonsense of the traditional assertion by Christians of essential moral freedom". A scholarly summary of the main psychoanalytical theories and a clear account of mental illness in its various forms provide the necessary background for a discussion that is always helpful—and hopeful too.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIANS

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the POST of LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE at the recently ... Branch Library. Salary A.P.4, £1,3.. per annum inclusive of London Weighting. Point of entry on the scale according to qualifications and experience.
Applications giving names of two referees to the Borough Librarian, Central Library, The Burroughs, N.W.4, by 16th September.
R. H. WILLIAMS, Town Clerk.

BOROUGH OF BATLEY
APPOINTMENT OF BOROUGH LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above appointment in accordance with Grade A.P.5, £1,... per annum.
In addition to the Central Library, five branch libraries in the borough ... branch library will shortly be completed ... library service has recently been ...
Housing accommodation provided.
Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, together with the names of two referees, to be delivered to the undersigned not later than Friday, 15th September, 1967.
L. O. BOTTOMLEY, Town Clerk.
Town Hall, Batley.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOOTLE
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the following POSTS—
(a) ASSISTANT CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARIAN
(b) BRANCH LIBRARIANS
(c) TECHNICAL ASSISTANTS
All posts graded AP 3.
Post "a" is the Chief Assistant to the Central Lending Librarian; Branch Librarians' duties include Book Selection, Cataloguing, Classification; Technical Assistants' duties include Revision and Assistance to Readers in the Library.
Four and a half day week.
Apply by letter, stating age, education, qualifications, and names and addresses of two referees, to Establishment Officer, Town Hall, Bootle, by 16th September.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POST in the County Library Service—
A.P. 4, £1,435 to £1,..
BRANCH LIBRARIAN — ...
REGIONAL LIBRARY
N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Successful candidate subject to medical examination.
In approved cases the County Council makes a grant towards removal expenses up to a maximum of £100.
Further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Applications (no forms) to the County Librarian, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, with the names and addresses of two referees, to be received by the 14th September, 1967.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the POST of DEPUTY COUNTY LIBRARIAN ... A.P. 5 (£1,665 to £1,865).
Forms and particulars from County Librarian, 1 Portland Square, Carlisle, to whom applications should be sent by 18th September, 1967.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for posts either on the grade of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN or SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT. Applicants should possess professional qualifications or ... raduateship, and applicants for the grade of Assistant Librarian should be graduates. Salary scales: Assistant Librarian, £1,155 to £2,0.. per annum; Senior Library Assistant, £8.. to £... per annum.
Further particulars from The Librarian, Edinburgh University Library, George Square, Edinburgh, 8, to whom applications should be sent as soon as possible.

FLINTSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
FLINTSHIRE COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
APPOINTMENT OF COLLEGE LIBRARIAN
GRADE IV
APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the POST of COLLEGE LIBRARIAN, duties to commence as soon as possible.
The College is developing rapidly and has an excellent library.
Further details together with application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, Flintshire College of Technology, Connah's Quay, Deeside, Flintshire, and should be returned as soon as possible.
M. J. JONES, Director of Education.

BOROUGH OF GILLINGHAM
APPOINTMENT OF CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited for the POST of Children's Librarian, Grade A.P. 2/3 (£1,020 to £1,4..). Commencing salary will be dependent upon the present qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Superannuation. Removal expenses.
Applications, giving education, qualifications, experience and two referees to the Borough Librarian, Central Library, High Street, Gillingham, Kent, by 9th September, 1967.
GLYN C. JONES, Town Clerk.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HACKNEY
HACKNEY LIBRARY SERVICES
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS in Grade A.P. 3 (£1,020 to £1,220 per annum) plus London Weighting Allowance.
1. ASSISTANT BRANCH LIBRARIAN
2. ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
Applications, returnable not later than 11th September, 1967, on forms obtainable from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Mare Street, E.8, quoting Ref. ...

LONDON BOROUGH OF MERTON
LIBRARY DEPARTMENT
TRAINEE LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the APPOINTMENT of TRAINEE LIBRARIAN. Minimum qualifications required: Five passes G.C.E. including English Language and two passes at "A" level.
Selected candidates will receive one year's preliminary training in the Borough Libraries followed by a year's full-time year secondment to a full-time Library School commencing in January, 1969, in Trainee Grade.
Commencing salary in Trainee Grade according to age, e.g., at age 18, £... Maximum £1,135. Reimbursement of examination expenses and ... per cent grant towards approved study expenses will be paid.
Further particulars and application form from Borough Librarian, Morden Park Cottage, Church Path, Merton Park, S.W.19.
Closing date for applications ... September.
SYDNEY ASTIN, Town Clerk.

BOROUGH OF HALESOWEN
APPOINTMENT OF DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN
(Readvertisement)
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable experience, for the above post. The salary will be in accordance with ... and the appointment will be subject to ... service conditions. Housing accommodation will be made available if required.
Further particulars and application form may be obtained from the Borough Librarian, Council House, Halesowen, Worcestershire.
... MOORE, Town Clerk.

BOROUGH OF WORTHING
ASSISTANT—REFERENCE LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above APPOINTMENT in the Reference Library on A.P. ... the commencing salary to be determined according to qualifications and experience.
The appointment will be subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service of Local Government Officers and the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts.
Worthing is now the second largest town in Sussex with a population of over 84,000, and it is ... more than a thousand additional residents per year.
Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and giving the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, must be received by the Chief Librarian, Central Public Library, Worthing, by not later than the 21st September, 1967.
... FOORD, Town Clerk.

CORPORATION OF GLASGOW
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
FURTHER EDUCATION
... COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
TEACHER/LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women qualified to undertake the development of the College Library service and its integration with day and evening Higher Courses in Engineering, Applied Science and General Studies. Some teaching duties will be required concerned with library and information services ... subject appropriate to the qualifications of the successful applicant.
Applicants should have had extensive experience of library work with a recognized standard of ... Achievement in a branch of Higher ... will be an advantage.
The salary for this post is in accordance with the Teachers' Salaries (Scotland) Regulations 1966, the appropriate scales being £940 (£1,0..) to £2,170 or £1,150 to £2,... according to qualifications. Placing will be given for approved teaching and/or industrial service and an additional £80 is payable ... teacher training.
Forms of application may be obtained from the Principal, Stow College of Engineering, 43 Shamrock Street, Glasgow, C.4, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than 11th September, 1967.

HALE URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
LIBRARY ASSISTANT (QUALIFIED)—FULL-TIME OR PART-TIME
APPLICATIONS are invited from persons who are members of the Library Association (by ...) for the above APPOINTMENT in Grade A.P. II (£1,020 to £1,220) at the ... Library.
N.J.C. Conditions of Service, with five-day week ... of a full-time appointment.
Applications, giving marital status, education, training, qualifications and previous appointments, together with the names and addresses of two persons from whom references may be obtained, to be received by me not later than ... 1967.
Canvassing, directly or indirectly, of any member or senior officer of the Council must be disclosed.
... HORSFALL, Clerk of the Council.
Council Offices, Hale, Cheshire.

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD
BOROUGH LIBRARIAN'S DEPARTMENT
APPLICATIONS are invited from partly qualified or from those with suitable experience for POSTS of ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS to undertake professional duties in the lending libraries. Salary within Grade AP I/II (£895 to ...), starting point according to qualifications and experience.
Applications are to be addressed to the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Cecil Road, Enfield, by ... September.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HARROW
DEPARTMENT OF THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
... Special Grade £820 to £1,220, plus London Weighting.
The successful candidate will be required to undertake senior duties at the Stanmore branch ... as second-in-command to the librarian. This post offers useful experience in an expanding service to any young librarian seeking a first senior post, and there are good prospects for promotion ... the Borough on becoming chartered.
Application forms obtainable from and returnable by 9th September, 1967.
... STANLEY LANCASTER, Town Clerk.
... Weald Lodge, Uxbridge Road, Harrow.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAVERING
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
Readvertisement
APPLICATIONS invited from Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience for the undermentioned POSTS:—
LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE, work with ... People. Senior Officers Grade to Bar ... £2,100.
MUSIC LIBRARIAN (AP 3 to 4, £1,295 to ...)
... subject to approval of Council ...
Further particulars and application form may be obtained from The Chief Librarian, Central Library, Romford, Essex, to be returned by 16th September, 1967.

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM
LIBRARY
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN—SPECIAL DUTIES: MIDDLE EASTERN AND ISLAMIC MATERIAL
APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Oriental Section of the Library. The person appointed will be expected to work principally on material of Middle Eastern and Islamic interest, but will also be concerned with the general running of the Library. Applicants should have a good Honours degree, preferably in Classical Arabic. Professional library qualifications and/or experience would be an advantage.
Salary: £1,105 by £80 to £1,420 by £50 to £1,470 (bar) ... £2,010 by £85 to £2,180. Placing on the scale according to experience and qualifications.
Further particulars may be obtained from the Librarian, University Library, Palace Green, Durham, to whom applications, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to arrive not later than 2nd October, 1967.

LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
CHORLEY COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at this non-Residential College for over 900 students. Salary Scale A.P. III £1,220 to £1,435 per annum.
Further details may be obtained from the undersigned to whom Letters of application, giving the names and addresses of two referees, should be submitted as soon as possible.
The Principal, Chorley College of Education, Union Street, Chorley.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the POST of CATALOGUER at the County Library Headquarters, Newtown. Salary, A.P.4 (£1,220 to £1,435).
Applications giving details of age and education, together with the names of two referees, should reach the undersigned by not later than Friday, the 8th September, 1967.
J. A. DAVIES, Director of Education.
County Education Offices, Broad Street, Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
Nottinghamshire County Library has vacancies for qualified and part qualified LIBRARIANS.
Write to County Librarian, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham.
A. R. DAVIS, Clerk of the County Council.

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SCIENCE LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Duties will include supervision of a growing periodicals section, and work in one of the three subject divisions of the Library. Candidates should have a good honours degree. Professional qualifications and appropriate library experience will be additional recommendations. Salary will be within the range £1,105 by £75 to £1,180 by £80 to £1,500 (bar) by increments to £2,270.
Forms of application and further details, returnable not later than 23rd September, from the Registrar.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
Chartered Librarians who are considering applying for posts graded in the Librarians' scale (£820 to £1,435) where the commencing salary offered is less than £1,220 per annum are advised to read the notice in the current issue of *Liaison*.

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(continued on back page)

OTHER VACANT APPOINTMENTS

BRITISH TECHNOLOGY INDEX
The Library Association invites applications for the permanent position of INDEXER on the staff of the British Technology Index. The post would suit a person with leanings towards classification or subject cataloguing and some interest in the subject matter of science and technology. Salary for a Chartered Librarian would be on a scale £1,106 to £1,485, point of entry according to experience.
The post is included in the Association's approved contributory superannuation scheme.
Applications should be made to the Secretary, Library Association, 7 Ridgmount Street, Store Street, London, W.C.1, by 12th September, 1967.

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TUTOR LIBRARIAN (MAN OR WOMAN).
Candidates should be Chartered Librarians with graduate qualifications. The post will involve full-time work in the library and will initially be of Lecturer status for salary purposes.
Both posts will be available from January, 1968.
Further particulars and application forms to be returned by 18th September, 1967, from undersigned.
G. H. METCALFE, Director of Education.
County Hall, Durham
9th August, 1967.

WORCESTERSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
STOURBRIDGE COLLEGE OF ART
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HISTORY OF ART and COMPLEMENTARY STUDIES DEPARTMENT
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Application forms and details of duties, etc., may be had from the Secretary, Stranmillis College, Belfast 9, by whom applications must be received not later than 19th September, 1967.

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